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A Magazine of Constructive Nationalism

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President and Treasurer, EDWIN WILDMAN
Secretary, C. C. SAVAGE
Vice-President, PERLEY MORSE
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Some New Contributors in May Forum

United States Senator Reed Smoot, who contributes his views upon "Party Politics in War Issues," is an outspoken champion of war issues and a staunch Republican. He was born in Utah, and is largely interested in its most important industrial and financial institutions. His state has three times returned him to the Senate.

Anne Morgan, who tells "What Must Be Done in France," is the daughter of the great financier, the late J. Pierpont Morgan. Miss Morgan for several years, has identified herself with practical philanthropies in the interests of working girls. Since the war she has devoted her time and money in restoring parts of devastated France.

Corporal H. J. Burbach is a young American boy, who served with Pershing in Mexico, and was sent to France with the Rainbow Division. He was invalided home and for the first time tells his experience of "Six Days on the American Firing Line."

Mary Austin, is well-known to American readers, as the author of "Love and the Soul Maker"; "The Man Jesus" and numerous other books and plays.

Private Jack Evans of the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles is a son of the Dominion and took his baptism of fire at Ypres, was gassed and taken prisoner and escaped after horrible and thrilling experiences. In his "Sixteen Months in a German Prison" he tells the story to THE FORUM readers.

Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers, who tells of "The Woman's Land Army," is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Land Army of America, which has received President Wilson's endorsement. She is the wife of the eminent Jurist and writer, Judge H. W. Rogers.

The June Forum—"Speeding Up" Number

ALMOST notable article upon the "**war energies of Congress,**" will be contributed by a United States Senator.

The President's attitude upon a question of international importance, will be interpreted and analyzed by one of our best known United States Senators.

Another Senator from the West deals with an issue, vital to the success of the war and American solidarity.

The "**Most Dangerous Man in Europe**" will be the subject of an article by a writer whose caustic pen has never found a more apt subject.

Out of the war's upheavel comes a new question of social importance that concerns the next generation. The subject is dealt with from a moral and psychological point of view by an eminent divine.

The excrescence of the "melting pot" has produced a sediment that clogs American life. It came over the seas with other of our organic ills and has fastened itself upon our body public. In a revealing article the June FORUM will present some startling facts that concern the thinking American citizen.

The GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK Will Contribute

A SPECIALLY WRITTEN ARTICLE FOR The June FORUM

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The
FORUM
For May, 1918

WHAT DEWEY FEARED IN MANILA BAY

As Revealed by His Letters

By EDWIN WILDMAN

[FORMER U. S. VICE AND DEPUTY CONSUL GENERAL, HONG KONG, 1898-99]

THE German activities in the Orient in 1887 to 1900 were at their most militant point of aggressiveness. The trade of the Far East, and particularly in the Chinese ports, was the aspiration of the Kaiser. He viewed with envy the great marts so long nurtured and developed by Great Britain. He was ambitious to expand in the Eastern trade—a trade and a development almost exclusively planted by English merchants and protected by treaties and English war ships. Due to the fact that the English, for half a century, had small competition in the Far Eastern trade, they had become ultra conservative, both as to the character of their merchandise and the methods of salesmanship, assuming somewhat the attitude of "take it or leave it," perhaps not intentionally, but unconsciously so.

The German method of introducing and selling merchandise smacked more of the Yankee spirit. He cut the garment to fit the purchaser, and made his prices accordingly. His large inroads upon the English market disturbed the Briton, but the German pushed forward, making deals at the

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Chinese Court for leases and footholds on Chinese soil, building up his merchant marine accordingly and encouraging the exportation of German goods and augmenting his position in Eastern waters by a powerful fleet of battleships.

After the battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey, confronted with the irritant condition of the Eastern question between the Germans and English, was made to sharply realize that the Germans coveted Manila as a possible conquest or at least a further field of exploitation. He was confronted, in Manila Bay, by a German fleet, perhaps stronger than his own and in command of an Admiral well instructed in German pretentions—pretentions that threatened his blockade, and revealed the Kaiser's ambitions in the Philippines.

It must be recalled that at the time the United States Government hardly contemplated the permanent occupation of the Philippines, and Dewey's orders did not presuppose such a finality. He was sent to Manila to destroy the Spanish fleet. He did not anticipate that a neutral nation would question, even for a moment, his position as the conqueror of Spanish power in the Philippines and the right to destroy the Manila forts, which he would have easily done at any moment with a broadside.

It was at this point that the mailed fist revealed itself, not disinterestedly, as a well wisher of Spain, but in all its national greed for extension of its power in the Far East. The German commercial interests in Manila were extensive and the covetous eye of the Black Eagle viewed the rich possessions of the Islands with increasing nervousness.

That the Kaiser's ambitions were not realized is to the credit of Dewey's vigilant and fearless attitude, augmented perhaps by British diplomacy and British warships.

GERMANY'S AMBITIONS IN THE ORIENT

THE German colony of merchants at Hong Kong was large and rich. They maintained a great club, great warehouses, and owned large properties. They were greedy for Manila trade and the expansion of German influence in

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the Orient. Prince Henry visited the East on the great "club ship," the Deutschland, and dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. The great steamship company, the North German Lloyd, was sending its largest vessels to the Orient, and the Kaiser was demonstrating his naval power by a fleet of his most powerful warships. Great Britain was disturbed and feared for her trade supremacy in the East.

All these significant activities came to Dewey's attention while on the Asiatic station, before the Battle of Manila. He was not concerned in the British-German rivalry, but he was informed, and the knowledge aroused him to watchfulness, when the United States, through his conquest of the Spanish fleet, came into the complex situation, and he found himself in possession of a plum coveted by the German Kaiser.

The suggestion that Admiral Dewey ever feared anything may come as a shock to the American people. But Dewey's fear at Manila Bay was not for himself, it was the fear of a man twelve thousand miles from America, threatened by the approach of an enemy squadron, with cable communication cut, blockading a city pending the delayed arrival of ships and troops, confronted by enemies on land and at sea, and the activities of an unneutral fleet close at hand—his was a fear lest he should not be able to entirely uphold the honor of the Stars and Stripes until naval and military reinforcements arrived.

In 1918 the month of this 20th anniversary of the Battle of Manila Bay, Dewey was in that critical position. Annoyed with the assertive position of Aguinaldo and the Filipinos, in constant apprehension of the arrival of the Spanish fleet of Admiral Camara, and beset with the interferences of the German fleet, and the open friendliness for Spain, Dewey was in a period of suspense and watchful readiness to act for three tense months in Manila Bay.

HIS LETTERS REVEAL HIS STATE OF MIND

HOW he felt during that critical period of the Spanish-American War is reflected in his letters to U. S. Consul General Rousevelle Wildman, at Hong Kong. These letters

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reveal his state of mind and make clear some points of unwritten history, greatly to his credit, for they show, while ready to meet eventualities at any cost, he was beset with difficulties that might have perturbed a less resourceful mind and have involved the United States in war with Germany.

Twenty years ago this month Commodore Dewey, from his flagship in Manila Bay, wrote this letter:

Flagship "Olympia."
Cavite, May 9, 1898.

Dear Mr. Wildman:

Many thanks for your kind congratulations. You will have heard the details of the battle before this.

I enclose a telegram to the Secretary of the Navy, which I beg you will send as soon as possible. I will be sending another vessel to Hong Kong in a few days and will reimburse you then.

It is reported here that the Spanish battleship "Pelayo" and one other vessel are on their way to the Philippines. Will you kindly telegraph the Consul at Suez to telegraph you the details of any Spanish vessels passing the canal, and transmit the information to me?

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE DEWEY,
Commodore, U. S. Navy.

P. S.—Please also inform the Navy Department if any Spanish vessels pass the canal.

That Mr. Wildman acted promptly is indicated by a memorandum on Commodore Dewey's letter, as follows:

Telegram to the Department	$200.60
Telegram to Suez	35.46
Telegram to Cape Town	37.00
	$273.06

The American squadron, in command of Commodore Dewey, had been waiting orders in Hong Kong bay for some time. During that period the Commodore and the American

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Consul began a friendship which only ended with Consul General Wildman's untimely death with the sinking of the Pacific Mail S. S. "Rio de Janeiro," in San Francisco harbor, February 21, 1901. Mr. Wildman, my brother, often entertained the Commodore at the Consulate, as did the English officials at Hong Kong. It was therefore a great surprise when General Willsone Black, the official administrating the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, sent to Consul General Wildman, on Saturday, April 23rd, a notification of neutrality and ordered the American squadron to leave the waters of the colony not later than 4 P. M. on Monday the 25th. Both Admiral Dewey and the Consul informed the Government of Hong Kong that their Government had sent them no information that led them to believe that war had been declared between the United States and Spain. It was Admiral Dewey's oft expressed wish that he would receive the first information of the outbreak of hostilities, so that he could take his ships out of British waters before he was ordered to do so by the Colonial authorities. However, the squadron had to move and the Admiral decided to send them to Mirs Bay, off the Chinese coast, in two detachments, the first leaving Sunday, the 26th, and the second, Monday, the 27th. The formal Declaration of War came by cable to Mr. Wildman at 6 P. M. on Wednesday, April 27th—four hours after the departure of the Squadron for Mirs Bay, for Manila. On the English tugboat "Fame" Consul General Wildman reached Mirs Bay, after a first attempt on a tugboat which was nearly capsized by rough seas. He delivered the Government's despatch to Dewey to proceed to Manila and destroy the Spanish fleet.

THE NEUTRALITY OF THE HONG KONG GOVERNMENT

THE Hong Kong government maintained a punctilious neutrality, and the oft repeated assertions that neutrality was winked at is without a basis of fact. It is an odd coincidence that, in Manila Bay, it was from a Belgium refrigerator ship from Australia that Dewey was able to secure supplies and "delicacies" for his squadron while there.

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On May 23rd Mr. Wildman received the following letter from Dewey:

Flagship "Olympia."
United States Naval Force on Asiatic Station.
Off Manila, May 20th, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

I want to thank you for all you are doing to help the cause and to thank you for all your kindness to me. Everything is going well here. Manila is closely blockaded and must fall soon. Aguinaldo is here and, I am sure, will do good work. I am helping him in every way. This goes to you by a Japanese man-of-war sailing tomorrow morning. Keep in touch with the Cape of Good Hope and let me know if any Spanish ships pass that port for the East. The squadron (Spanish) which left the Cape de Valos on April 29th has turned up at Martingua. I doubt if they have any ships to spare for the Philippines. Still we must be ready. *Mr. Barrett can come over in our next steamer, leaving here in about a week. The "Swift" (English) will be here soon. Shall hope to hear from you by her.

I send copy of General Orders, issued yesterday. Good reading is it not? Shall try to buy coal in Hong Kong by next steamer. Wish I had another boat so as to keep one at Hong Kong, but the "McCulloch" is not good for much in bad weather, so have decided to send the "Zafiro." Please make my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Wildman, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE DEWEY.

Aguinaldo, who at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, was at Singapore, had conceived the idea of returning to Manila and of regaining control of the shattered Filipino army, which had been under his leadership in insurrection against the powers of Spain in the Philippines. He had relinquished his leadership in a pact with the Spanish Governor upon promise of $800,000, $400,000 of which had been paid and deposited in a Hong Kong bank. At the in-

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stance of Consul General Pratt, of Singapore, Admiral Dewey consented to transport Aguinaldo to Manila and turn him loose to reconstruct his scattered army, which he did with avidity, establishing a Provisional Government and besieging Manila on the land.

CONCERNED ABOUT THE SPANISH FLEET AT FIRST

ADMIRAL DEWEY was not much concerned or interested in Aguinaldo's personal ambitions so long as he did as he was told. He was more concerned at that time as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Camara, supposed to have sailed from Spain, and last heard of off Cape Verde Islands, en route to question his supremacy in Manila Bay, as his letters reveal.

Flagship "Olympia."
Manila Bay, June 3rd, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

I am sending my photo and this by the "Swift" (English), which goes to Hong Kong today, and will, I believe, return here in a few days.

Please find out which way the Spanish Squadron has gone, its strength, etc., and send, should it be coming here, by first opportunity. Mr. Barrett arrived yesterday and is quartered on board the "Zafiro."

Aguinaldo is doing excellent work and is a good deal of a man. Brice was not particularly anxious to come over this trip, so Mr. McLain tells me. Don't send any more dilettante Americans "who are anxious to serve this country."

We have no place for them. Aguinaldo's people (his staff) can come over in their own steamer. Am sorry of the bother you had with the "Zafiro."

Will try to manage matters better next time. Send the pith hats by her the next time she goes over, probably in a week or ten days.

---

*Hon. John Barrett, Ex-Minister to Siam, now Director General of the Pan-American Union, was desirous of joining the Admiral's fleet at Manila.

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The first installment of troops from San Francisco should arrive about the 20th inst. My health continues good and everything is going on as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

If we had had a few troops with us on our arrival, Manila would have fallen at once.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

The story of the claims of Aguinaldo and the rise and fall of his pseudo republic is history. It is not intended to retell it here. That he eventually was a thorn in the side of Dewey was apparent from his letters and from Dewey's own testimony and interviews he gave newspaper correspondents. In recalling the incidents of 1898-1900 it must be remembered that our own foreign policy underwent a change during a Presidential campaign. America, too, was ripe for punishing Spain to the utmost and not averse to the benevolent assimilation of misgoverned peoples under Spanish misrule. Aguinaldo had but one idea—to place himself at the head of the Filipino peoples, though a half-caste himself. We had other ideas for those peoples—ideas that have worked out to their betterment as a race—a betterment that never could have been realized under Spanish misrule, and never could Aguinaldo, nor his legions, have held out against Spain had we returned the islands back to her. Aguinaldo neither had the character to withstand Spanish methods nor the administrative ability, nor military backing to have sustained an independent Philippines.

But this is en passant and only genere, as continual references in Admiral Dewey's letters are made of Aguinaldo's behavior.

HOW HE HELD AQUINALDO OFF

THAT Dewey was anxious to raise the flag over the city of Manila is unquestioned, yet he was too good an officer to enter upon such an exploit without the men to police it and save it from loot and destruction. He held Aguinaldo

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off, and with his guns kept Manila in his power pending the arrival of the American troops, the first contingent of which had sailed May 25th from San Francisco. His letter to Consul General Wildman of June 11th, 1898, reveals his state of mind:

"Olympia."
Manila Bay, June 11th, 1898.

Dear Mr. Wildman:

The English steamer (S.S. "Yuensing") arrived last night with mail, etc. We were terribly shocked to hear of Gridley's death, although I feared he was not long for this world. Our flags are at half-mast today.

I see no reason why ships should not trade with Iloilo or other Philippine ports, except Manila, as no blockades have yet been established by us. Should we do so, of course neutral vessels will be warned off before capture. Expect to send the "Zefiro" to Hong Kong tomorrow in case the "Swift" arrives today. Chichester (the captain in command of the British Squadron) and I are alternating in running mail boats. The insurgents are all around Manila, and if we had, say five thousand troops here, we could take the town before breakfast at any moment. Aguinaldo is doing splendidly, but I don't want the insurgents to take the city. It will be better *on all accounts* that U. S. should capture the city. The "Monterey" and "Monadnock" are to come here. The Spaniards seem to have too much to do in the West Indies to be able to send any ships to the East. With their only foreign squadron shut up in Santiago it would be folly for them to send ships out here.

But they are such fools one can never tell what they may do next.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE DEWEY.
Monday, June 11th, 1898.

The "Rattle" has just arrived with mail, etc. The "Lennit" goes over to Hong Kong tomorrow, so I will

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not send the "Zafiro" until the latter part of the week. I have informed General Aguinaldo that his people can come over in her, provided they are willing to rough it. He (Aguinaldo) is doing splendidly, and I sometimes fear he will take the city before our troops arrive, *which would be bad.* Have advised him to go slow. I expect 2,500 troops about the 20th to 25th. As I have often said, I can take the town (Manila) at any moment, but it is better not to do so until we have a land force to hold it.

The German Vice-Admiral (Von Diedrichs) and two of his ships leave and another coming. I told him yesterday that two of our most powerful ironclads were on their way out!

Sincerely, in haste,

GEORGE DEWEY.

WE ARE ALL WELL AND READY FOR BUSINESS

THE italics in the last paragraph are mine. The reference indicates that Admiral Dewey was fully aware of the German attitude, which was becoming notoriously undiplomatic. That he felt the need of ships to reinforce his squadron is apparent in a letter he wrote to Consul General Wildman under date of June 23rd, 1898, as follows:

Flagship "Olympia."

My Dear Wildman:

I am sending by the German steamer "Darmstadt" some important mail for you.

Please get it from the captain and act quickly.

Bennett (N. Y. Herald) cables that the Cadiz fleet has passed Gibraltar bound east. They must consider themselves much stronger than we are if they intend coming here. *I don't wonder the German attitude re. Manila should excite comment.* (Italics mine.)

I think two or three of their men-of-war are leaving here soon.

They now have *five.* I don't like the news from Ca-

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diz. The "Monterey" and "Monadnock" are coming out here, but God knows when.

Sincerely

GEORGE DEWEY.

To give a glimpse of what was going on in Manila and to understand the events leading up to the Von Diedrichs incident, a letter from Consul (to Manila) O. F. Williams, who accompanied Dewey to Manila on the flagship, to Consul General Wildman is interesting:

CONSUL WILLIAMS, OF MANILA, CALLS THE KAISER A LUNATIC

Manila Bay, June 22, 1898.

My Dear Consul General:

Not much new. Aguinaldo has moved into the house of the Governor of Cavite. Our flag waves over the Navy Yard. General Aguinaldo has now about 5,000 prisoners, 187 wounded Spanish sent to Manila, under truce, by consent of Admiral Dewey. All wounded officers. Spanish Brig. General Monet killed while trying to force rebel lines at San Fernando.

Malate fort (outskirts of Manila) not taken—fighting every night. *Germans making asses of themselves as usual. It must be counted a dire misfortune by a candid, fine people like the German nation to have a lunatic as a sovereign.*

British warship "Bonaventure" came in this A. M. We hope for long-delayed mails. The Canton river steamer came all right. "Emeralda" (British steamship) here—report that *rest of German squadron comes soon and three more British cruisers.* Let them come. Uncle Sam came first and will hold *all.*

June 23rd.

Report of eagerness to kill Aguinaldo. Another offer reported, made 25,000 pesos by Governor General of Manila to an Italian adventurer. A man was taken yesterday on suspicion proved innocent—but there is much talk. *Manila being braced up by unwise friend-*

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ship of Germans. If great bloodshed and destruction comes Spain may justly lay it all to Germans, and the world will decide it to be right. Manila would have surrendered without bloodshed only for these mischief makers. British ships have strong naval force and detering German insolence.

Deaths much greater than we said—364 dead and burned and wounded on "Reina Christina" alone—out of 491 only 127 left ship. Regards to all.

Sincerely,

O. F. WILLIAMS.

The actions of the Germans annoyed Dewey particularly at that time. He was aware of their hostility to American activities in Manila and the Philippine waters and of their friendliness to Spain. He did not express himself very forcibly in his letters, but he talked freely with those aboard the flagship. He realized that they had a powerful fleet in Manila Bay, perhaps stronger than his own. The German fleet included the protected cruiser "Kaiserine Augusta," protected cruiser "Irene," third-class cruiser "Kornoran," armored cruiser "Kaiser." It is hardly possible that he believed that a naval engagement was imminent, for the tone of his letters reflects more concern over the possibility of the arrival of the Spanish fleet from Cadiz. Nevertheless, he was prepared for trouble with the Germans. By occasional references and hints he shows some concern over their activities both in ignoring the Manila Bay blockade and in Philippine waters outside of the Bay.

WILL GIVE THE DONS A WARM RECEPTION

Flagship "Olympia."

Sunday, June 27, 1898,

My Dear Wildman:

One of the Japanese men-of-war is going over to Hong Kong in the morning, and I am sending a few cables to you. Will send the "Zafiro" over in two or three days, by which time the "Cadiz fleet" will have

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shown its hand. The "Monterey" and "Monadnock" *should* reach here before they, the Spaniards, can possibly do so, in which case we will give them a warm reception.

Without the two monitors they would be (if as reported) too strong for us.

But nous verrons—a strong squadron (American) should at once threaten the coast of Spain. Mr. Wood has just been to see me about getting rid of Aguinaldo's prisoners (the Spanish troops).

I see no reason why he (Aguinaldo) and the United States should not parole them, not to serve against either power during the war, and let them go, not to Hong Kong, but to Spain.

Nothing of the troops yet, but I am expecting their arrival at any moment.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

Tuesday, June 28th, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

The "Jap" did not get off yesterday, but is going today, so I will add a line to my last.

I shall hold on to the "Zafiro" for a few days (if necessary) before sending her off, so that I may report the arrival of the "Charleston" and transports, which I am hourly expecting. They are no doubt anxious to hear of their arrival in Washington. I mean to say they at home are no doubt anxious.

These last arrivals from Hong Kong (some of them) have been giving Aguinaldo trouble, and I believe he will send some of them back with *Evans—I hope he (Evans) will arrive soon, as I have an idea the insurgents want ammunition.

I am wiring the Department to have my mail sent direct to Hong Kong instead of Yokohama. I think you should have more clerical force, as is customary, for the purpose of handling the larger mails. I begin to

* Aguinaldo's agent.

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think the Cadiz fleet will not come here—if it does, I hope it will give the two monitors a chance to get out.

Sincerely,

GEORGE DEWEY.

"ANOTHER GERMAN MAN-OF-WAR IS EXPECTED"

IN June, on the 12th, Admiral Dewey had requested the "Monadnock" and the "Monterey," ending his laconic despatch to Secretary Long with the statement, "Another German man-of-war is expected." He was much pleased, as his letter to Consul General Wildman, July 1st, shows, of the arrival of our troops. He also intimates that trouble of some sort might be expected, as reflected in his letter of July 9th:

"Olympia,
Manila Bay, July 1st, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

The "Charleston" and three thousand troops arrived here yesterday. The landing of the soldiers has already begun.

Gen. Anderson and I had an unofficial interview with Aguinaldo this morning. *He is sorry our troops are here, I think.*

Hope that Cadiz squadron has not yet reached Suez, in which case the "Monterey," and possibly the "Monadnock," will get here before it can, in which case the Dons will be sorry they came.

Please keep me posted as to the movements of the Spanish squadron, even if you have to send over a special steamer.

I see "they" are talking of me for the next President! ! ! !

I am sending to your care a pair of binoculars, kindly lent to me by the Austrian Vice-Consul. Will you please send it and the accompanying note to him?

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With kindest regards to Mrs. Wildman, who is much better, I trust, I am,

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

"Olympia."

Manila Bay, July 9th, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

Am sending this by "Plover," which returns here at once. Please send our mail by her. I shall have to send "Zafiro" to Amoy with "war-like cables" and then let her run down to Hong Kong for those from Washington, etc.

Manila is ready to fall into our hands, but I doubt very much if any movement is made before the arrival of more troops. We don't want too many "drawn" battles like that in Santiago the other day. "Raleigh" and (illegible) took an island in Subig Bay on Friday with several hundred prisoners.

They were fortifying the island, perhaps to assist the Spanish squadron to protect itself (a la Santiago) when it gets out. Other two monitors will be here soon.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE TWO MONITORS

THOSE were long, anxious days for the hero of Manila. His ships laying at anchor, always ready, with search-lights playing over the harbor, and forts of Manila, mounted with Krupp cannon, and with an unfriendly squadron hovering by giving aid and succor to the Spanish within the city, he had reason to scan the horizon for the arrival of two of our most powerful monitors. On July 18th he wrote Consul General Wildman:

"Olympia," Manila Bay,

July 18, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

From a cable of the 8th inst. from the Navy Department I infer that the Spanish Squadron has not turned

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back, only the three torpedo boats. I am surprised the Consul at Suez did not wire you. Will you kindly ask him whether or not the squadron (and if so, how many ships) has passed Suez for Aden. The "Monterey" cannot or will not reach me before August 5th, and the "Monadnock" several days later. Without them I fear this squadron is not strong enough for even Spanish battleships. Please do not mention this matter to anyone, but I am quite anxious about it, as you may well imagine. I will send over the "Zafiro" in a few days and hope you will have the latest and most reliable information on this matter for me. Mr. Williams (Consul at Manila) will give you the condition of affairs here. I think the city could be taken any day, *as soon as the army is ready.*

The Germans are behaving better and I don't think there is the slightest intention on their part to interfere at present. What they may do later remains to be seen. [*Italics in this paragraph are mine.*]

I agree with you that Aguinaldo is getting the big head. I fear complications in that quarter later.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

P. S. Perhaps Mr. Watts at Cairo could give the necessary information as to Camara squadron?

After the arrival of our troops came much relief to Dewey from the responsibility of the land activities. The Admiral, however, cut off by cable, was unceasing in his quest for information of the whereabouts of Camara's fleet. Consul General Wildman kept the wires hot, awaiting their expected arrival at Suez.

Flagship "Olympia,"
Manila Bay, July 26th, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

I am sending this by "Plover," which sails this evening for Hong Kong. Evans has not turned up yet. Am rather anxious to hear from you as to locality of

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the Spanish Squadron. General Merritt arrived yesterday. Am glad he is here. *Entre nous,* General Anderson was making a mess of his dealings with Aguinaldo, who has taken on a very large head indeed. Merritt's most difficult job will be how to deal with the insurgents. You cannot imagine what a relief it is to me to have some one share the responsibilities of this difficult position with me.

Affairs are most critical in Manila, and I would not be surprised to have them offer to capitulate at any moment, now that they know relief cannot possible reach them.

Sincerely,

GEORGE DEWEY.

The plan to take Manila was maturing. The land forces were ready and preparations were secretly under way by the Germans to take aboard their ships Spanish officials as well as German residents and treasure. Dewey was still watching the movements of the German fleet, but was greatly eased by the arrival of the "Monterey." On August 4th he wrote:

Flagship "Olympia,"
August 4, 1898.

My Dear Wildman:

The "Petrarch" arrived yesterday with our mail, etc.

Thanks for your notes. I sincerely wish we might take Manila at once, but deem it prudent to wait a little longer. We have waited over three months and four days more will make little difference.

I think they will surrender as soon as they see we mean business. Then Merritt's troubles will begin. Aguinaldo is not behaving well. It will take some time, I should think, for the two countries to get together on the peace question.

I am sending this over by the German "Princess Augusta," which leaves early tomorrow morning. *I wonder whether she will return here?* [Italics mine.]

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Our troops had a sharp fight on Sunday night and repelled a desperate attack from the Spaniards.

They did remarkably well for new hands.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

10:30 A. M.

"Monterey" has just arrived. G. D.

DEWEY'S FIRST LETTER FROM MANILA CITY

IT was a joyful day to the much harassed Dewey when the "Monterey" arrived and Manila was taken. His first letter from the City of Manila was dated August 14th, 1898:

Flagship "Olympia,"
Manila, *not* Bay,
Sunday.

My Dear Wildman:

Now I trust you are happy, since we have taken the town and almost without loss of life. In the Navy, no loss—Army, not so fortunate, as they lost five killed and forty wounded.

General Merritt is in charge and will, I am sure, do well.

Our troops did splendidly yesterday and I was most proud of them.

Peace will come soon, I suppose, but in the meantime *we have got Manila.* I expect to send the "Zafiro" over this evening and will have this ready. We also hope to have the cable in working order very soon. If it is not, it will not be my fault. Please tell Connor Holland this when you see him. And please also remember me most kindly to him and Madam, also to your charming Madam.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

Just before the capture of the City of Manila the German warship, the "Kaiser" sailed away, taking the Spanish Captain General Augustine and various Spanish offi-

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cers and their families to Hong Kong. The action of the Germans stirred Washington at the time. President McKinley and Acting Secretary of State John Bassett Moore discussed it. Mr. Moore stated that "the granting of an asylum has nowhere received the sanction of positive law," but that certain countries recognized it, "is significant."

The incident ended there, but the Germans did not cease in their interference at Manila. That eventualities culminated in the Von Diedrichs incident, straining the relations of the two governments, were to quickly follow, was not surprising to those at the seat of activities. The German ships seemed disposed to ignore the blockade and go about to such an extent that Dewey was obliged, in the case of the German "Kornoran," to send a shot across her bow before she recognized signals to stop. The German "Irene" ran into Subig Bay and assisted the Spanish, at which Dewey was obliged to vigorously protest and reinforce his protest by sending two warships to the scene of action. The Germans made a land camp for a time at Mariveles Bay, near the entrance to Manila Bay, at a point where Dewey often remarked might be the place to give Camara battle if he brought his fleet to Manila.

THE VON DIEDERICHS INCIDENT

THEN came the clash with Von Diederichs over the Subig Bay incident. The famous threat of Dewey to Von Diederichs' flag officer that "if the German Government has decided to make war on the United States, or has any intention of making war, and has so informed your Admiral, you can have war in five minutes," will go down in history. The Admiral never verified his exact words upon that occasion, but in the absence of a contradiction and upon the authenticity of reliable witnesses, he gave Von Diederichs an ultimatum that caused him for a time to move his squadron further away in the bay and cease his unneutral activities. In his own version of the Von Diederichs incident he said:

"On the following day (after the Subig Bay incident) Vice-Admiral von Diederichs sent a capable, tactful young

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officer of the staff to me with a memorandum of grievances. When I heard them through I made the most of the occasion by using him as a third person to state a verbal message, which he conveyed to his superior so successfully that Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs was able to understand my point of view. There was no further interference with the blockade or breach of the etiquette which had been established by the common consent of the other foreign commanders."

Dewey never forgot his brush with the German Admiral, as a significant act on his part revealed.

The previous day to the taking of Manila, August 13th, Von Diederichs was at his most insolent attitude. Dewey, sometimes dictatorial and fiery, was incensed beyond endurance. His squadron lay ready for action against the fortifications of Manila. The Germans moved up close to the war zone.

Instantly Dewey turned his guns, not upon the fortifications of Manila but full upon Von Diederichs' squadron. But at that instant the British flagship "Immortalitie," commanded by the gallant Capt. Chichester, steamed up alongside the "Olympia," her band playing the Star Spangled Banner. It was a historic proof of the famous remark of Admiral Sims at Tuku, China, that "blood is thicker than water."

The incident caused the retirement from command of the suave and polished Von Diederichs, who later was entertained with due courtesy at Government House, Hong Kong, upon his homeward voyage to receive a promotion at the hands of his Kaiser.

THE "INDISCRETION" OF ADMIRAL COGHLAN

IDENTIFIED with the Von Diederichs incident is the famous poem, "Hoch Der Kaiser," recited by Admiral "Jo" Coghlan at the Union League Club in 1899, upon his return to the United States. Admiral Coghlan, as Captain, commanded the "Raleigh" in the battle of Manila. He was one of the most popular men in the Navy and a famous after-dinner speaker.

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Admiral Coghlan's speech and recital of the poem, said to have been written by a lieutenant of the Marine Corps, though attributed to an Englishman, brought to an acute point of publicity the troubles of Dewey with the Germans at Manila Bay. It ran:

HOCH DER KAISER!

Der Kaiser von das Fatherland
Und Gott und I all dings command;
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

Vile some men sing der bower divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rheinish wine
Of me—und Gott!

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgespieldt—she's no aggbund;
To much we think she don't amound,
Meinself—und Gott!

She will not dare to fight again;
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Dere's Grandma (England) dinks she's nicht schmall beer
Midt Boers und such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But Me—und Gott!

She dinks, good Frau, from ship she's got
Und soldiers midt der scarlet coat
Ach! We could knock dem, pouf! Like dot,
Meinself—midt Gott!

In dimes of peace brebare for wars,
I bear der helm und spear of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Czars,
Meinself—midt Gott!

In fact, I humor efry whim,
Mit aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit Me and I mit Him,
Meinself—und Gott!

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The German Ambassador requested an apology and Coghlan issued a statement. The German's pretensions, twenty years ago, were considered a joke. They have long since ceased to be and have revealed themselves in all their hideousness. Of the episode Admiral Coghlan wrote to Consul General Wildman:

ADMIRAL COGHLAN'S LETTER—AND "EXILE"

Portsmouth, N. H.,
June 7th, 1899.

Dear Wildman:

Your letter of April 30th, enclosing copies of "Reuter's," just received. The *people* of the U. S. also regarded *my* episode as a huge joke, and nothing has come of it except the Department regretted such an "indiscretion." Mr. Reuter was wrong. I was *not* sent on board my ship, and I was *not* relieved of my command, nor was I hurt in any way. The idea of an international row over such fun as that is something new in history. As I told everyone, the "Far East" was perfectly familiar with the whole story, and what I *really said* was true, although the papers did not exactly reproduce my remarks.

When the Admiral (Dewey) gets home he may enlighten people more than I could. I never gave the matter a thought before I spoke it, and never dreamed of the row I was kicking up. We expect to get clear of the ship about the 9th, when I have to start for my place of exile, Puget Sound Naval Station, to the command of which I have been assigned. I am trying to get out of it, so address me care of Navy Department.

Mrs. C. and I have been having a glorious time, and I really pity the Admiral if he cannot *refuse everything*. I long for a rest.

With kindest of kind regards for you and Mrs. Wildman, I am as always,

Your sincere friend,

J. B. COGHLAN.

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History has justified Dewey and his attitude toward the Germans at Manila. It was an attitude not his alone, but well grounded in other incidents and activities not so well written into history as the Von Diederichs incident. What Dewey feared was a naval engagement with the German fleet, and not until the arrival of two of our most powerful battleships, besides the two monitors, did his apprehension end—and only then with the signing of the peace protocol at Paris.

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SIX DAYS ON THE AMERICAN FIRING LINE

By CORPORAL H. J. BURBACH

[Corporal Burbach was one of the first men of the United States Army to go to the front on the American sector. The Corporal has written this article, without compensation, because he believes that thousands of friends and relatives of fellows who are "going over" will be glad to know actual conditions, and that a true picture from a fellow who has served with the American forces at the front will help to contradict some of the malicious rumors that have been current.]

"WE have arrived!"

The French Army officer, who, skilled through years of actual artillery service on the French fronts, had been my instructor through weeks of training, and my guide up to the Front, stood still and spoke most casually, as if our destination had been a Chicago restaurant.

"Yes, sir." I tried to be as casual, but could not disguise the excitement that filled me. "Shall—the guns——" and I stopped, startled at the tone of my own voice. It sounded as if it were coming from some person a dozen feet away. And as I stood there a sense of elation, that was possibly partly fear, swept over me. I looked about me, toward the direction of the French officer who had spoken, toward the fellows of my battery who had accompanied me up to the Front. I say toward their direction, for I could not see my comrades—the fog that had some over the land at sunset was too heavy to allow one to see an arm's length.

The officer snickered.

"Is this all that there is to it? Are we really on the firing line?" I asked aloud. "Why, it's as quiet here as the Michigan woods!"

The officer laughed again.

"At this minute, yes," he said; then, "Wait here, I will be back directly, and no noise!"

He went off through the fog, and I have never experi-

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enced such a feeling of loneliness as swept over me at that minute—loneliness, and I really believe disappointment,—for I had imagined the firing line to be a place of constant terror.

"Gee, this is what we've been training for all these months!" I heard one of the fellows say. "Well, all I've got to say is it won't be so quiet over on the Boches' land when we get started," and they all laughed.

It is absolutely impossible to describe the sensations that come over a fellow when he realizes that he is going under fire. I think that you pass through various stages that include every sensation in life. You are frightened, you are glad to get into the fight. You are anxious to begin—you wish you had a few weeks' longer training to become a better shot.

I am not sure how long we stood there waiting for the return of the French officer who was tutoring us for our baptism of fire, but suddenly he was at my side.

"The battery is to be over there," he pointed through the night, "and we will set up a signal station right here. The first thing to do is to dig in the telephone wires for, headquarters reports that there is considerable rifle fire about here in the daytime. Order a detachment of men to help you!"

"Yes, sir," and I went quickly back toward where I knew the men were waiting, happy to think that there was work to be done at once. I gave the orders that had been handed to me, and in about twenty minutes we were turning over the earth. While we were working others were just as busy, for our battery was being placed in position, and some fifty feet behind the battery the others of the signal service detachment, of which I was a member, were setting up a receiving station. As I helped in the digging of that small trench for telephone wires my heart sang, and I lived again the months that I had served in order that I might be fit for the service I was performing that minute.

It might be well, before going further into this narrative, to say that the fellows who had accompanied me were the first American troops to take charge of a sector of the French line, a sector which some day will be moved into the heart of

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Germany and make old friend Hun wish that there was a way for him to change his nationality and viewpoint.

The training camp where we had prepared for the front after our arrival in France had been purchased by the United States from the French, and had been in use since the beginning of the war for the purpose of putting the high spots on the training of men belonging to both the heavy and light artillery. It was a spacious place; we had comfortable quarters and lots of good food. I had been on the Mexican border, so that sound of the heavy guns that were being used for training purposes did not annoy me, though to about ninety per cent. of the rest of the fellows this was a new sound, and orders were issued that cotton was to be put in the ears.

Except for the return fire, we might have been at the front, for the camp was an exact duplication of conditions under fire. Our equipment was largely French, and the officers who tutored us in modern warfare were all French—and as fine a bunch of fellows as ever lived.

One of the exciting incidents of the Camp was the day that news arrived that the American government had purchased a small village just beyond the Camp (France is honeycombed with small villages,—it is almost impossible to walk a mile without passing through a village) and that it was to be used as a target for the American boys.

We practiced in turn, a battery going out for a few hours' work, and then returning. Both light and heavy Artillery used the village as a target, and it was not long before there was only a heap of rubbish to tell where there had once been houses.

One of the things that the American fellows felt proud of was the fact that they were constantly being praised by their French instructors because of their very superior marksmanship. Several men told me that the American troopers learned in two weeks' time as much of the craftsmanship of war as the French learned in three months. As the story was on themselves, I guess it must be true.

We worked hard in camp, but the fellows liked it. We

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had good food, lots of fresh vegetables, and meat. It is a fact that the closer you get to the firing line the better care you get. There was plenty of recreation through the Y. M. C. A. activities, but we did not have many furloughs. Remember that at the time I am writing of, the American boys were new in France. One of the reasons for the lack of furloughs was that in many of the towns near the great camps that were set apart for the Americans the merchants had decided that it was harvest time, and prices had gone very high. General Pershing himself ordered that no member of the American force should buy anything in these towns until the matter of prices was adjusted, and this was speedily done.

I had been in the training camp about a month, making a special study of telephone work as carried on between the front-line trenches and outposts regimental headquarters, and the various gun batteries of the regiment. At the end of that time I was detached from my regular battery and assigned as Signal Sergeant to work with another battery proceeding immediately to the American sector of the Front. We did not travel forward in gradual stages as is the usual custom of approaching the firing line for the first time, but made the journey as quickly as possible, in motor trucks—a never-to-be-forgotten journey. Our destination was a village between five and ten miles from the Front, where we were to be billetted, and where the American troops would spend their time while not actively in the trenches. We got there in the afternoon, and a batch of the men were detached to make the place clean and perfectly sanitary. It needed their work. The village had been used by the French soldiers for some time, and there had been no time or opportunity for repair work. With the coming of the Americans is was different. Cleanliness is a strictly enforced rule with the fellows of our fighting force, and from a standpoint of sanitation we are literally introducing soap, water and whitewash into France.

Later that afternoon, when it was growing dusk, came the orders to go forward—and at nightfall I found myself walking beside the French officer across rough ground, a

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very occasional dull boom telling us that there was an enemy before us—but all other sounds seemed natural.

As I said before, it is impossible to accurately describe the sensations that come over a fellow when he discovers that he is on the firing line, and I welcomed the work to which I was so quickly assigned, and which we rapidly accomplished. I marveled at the precision with which I had gone to work that first night on the front, but everyone had their work to do, and did it so quickly and coolly that we had no time to think of personal feelings.

The first day on the firing line was very interesting. The battery kept up a constant fire, getting range from the map which is issued daily—as well as the given ranges, targets, etc. (which arrived over the field telephone). That night we stood ready to do any work required, but no orders came through, and I had my first experience in sleeping in a gun pit. Our food, by the way, was brought up daily from the headquarters at the village, and was prepared in rolling field kitchens.

As an example of the care that the fellows are getting, I might say that we were given bread and milk, fruit, excellent coffee, eggs, or possibly hash, and, of course, bread for breakfast; a heavy meal of soup, steak or some roast meat, potatoes and vegetables, coffee and sweets, came next, with a meal of canned foods for supper. All of it well cooked and mighty tasty. Believe me, Uncle Sam was taking mighty fine care of his soldier boys!

The following day started as the first, but in the middle of the afternoon the telephone system of our sector was demolished by rifle fire and it was impossible to get into communication with either the headquarters or the trenches.

"That stops work for today!" the officer told me. "No more gun fire till we get it fixed."

I can remember asking anxiously what we could do.

"Nothing just this minute," he laughed at my eagerness, "but tonight you and I will crawl out on our bellies and find that broken wire. Then we will fix it, and unless they find us with a shell we'll crawl back."

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The prospect was exciting, and I waited anxiously for night. Then, armed with the necessary tools, we started to crawl along the trench containing the wires. We had no light, we could not stand upright. We went about a half mile, feeling every inch of wire for the break, and then suddenly I ran my hand along the wire that suddenly came to a point. We had found the break.

"I've got it," I called in my best whisper, but before I could receive a reply there was a noise from the German trenches.

" Star shell, star shell," my French compañion called excitedly.

Suddenly the shell burst above us, and it was more brilliant than day. Frightened! Say, that light is so great, and the knowledge that if the Germans spot you you're a goner, makes you just lie there and forget to breathe! It does not take many seconds for a star shell to die away to a glow, but in those seconds you go right through life and back to the present. When the light was gone I lay there fairly panting for breath.

"We'll have to work quickly," came the inspiring voice at my elbow, and we did. We had not finished work before a new star shell was sent up.

The repair work did not take many minutes, and we started back again. We were halted several times by star shells, and after the second or third time I began to reassure myself by saying that the Germans did not know I was out there, that they had nothing against me individually. Afterwards I heard one of the officers say that they were probably suspicious because of the sudden cessation of the gun fire that afternoon, and were looking for a raiding party to cross no-man's-land.

During the time that I was at the front, it was the custom for men to spend six days at the front, then go back to the village in which they were billeted—always well beyond the firing line—and there rest for about two weeks. By the end of my third day I had become quite acclimated to the noise. One afternoon a scouting aeroplane must have re-

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ported some fancied movement of troops in a village two or three miles back of us, for the Germans started a heavy barrage which went singing over our heads. The shells went high, but just the same they made everyone uncomfortable for a few minutes. Fellows that have been on the line, however, will tell you that you don't mind the noise of shell fire —for you figure it out that the bullet that hits you is the bullet you never hear—and while that doesn't seem a very comfortable thought, you soon forget to think of danger.

Perhaps the most exciting incident, and at the same time the one that sent more terror to our hearts than any other, occurred late one afternoon. It was foggy, though fog always hung over our battery—in fact, the climate of the front that has been assigned to our troops is notorious for its winter fogginess. Orders had been sent out to shift the position of our gun, and as the afternoon wore away,—and the thick smoke-like pall that hung over us made it impossible to recognize the fellow standing next to you when he was half a dozen feet away—it was decided that there was no use to wait till night, but that we could shift the gun at once.

All the crowd started to work, the new gun pit was ready, and the signal station was all moved. It was just as we got the gun into the position and were straightening it into position that a faint breeze came stealing down from the mountains. In a minute the breeze was stronger, and we could see a hundred yards away. In another minute we could see three times that distance, and at the end of the third minute we could see clear up into the heavens—and there was a German plane flying straight for us.

Did you ever stand waiting for death? I suppose not —but that was what happened to our gun crews. The plane swooped low and seemed to hang right over us. We waited, hardly daring to breathe. I saw the perspiration running from one fellow's face, and guess it was running down mine. I know that I had a most pressing desire to run,—anywhere, so long as I was moving. As I was looking down I glanced at my wrist watch about every thirty seconds and lived

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minutes between each glance. No one spoke—it was as if we had suddenly been turned to wood. Then after fifteen minutes of observation the Hun plane circled away from us —and we had lived several lifetimes in that short time.

It was the fog that got me—and sent me back to the United States. Two years before, coming home from drill at the armory (I was then a member of the National Guard) I fell asleep on the train and contracted a severe cold. The cold never seemed to leave me, and now, after a week of fog, after sleeping in a gun pit, I grew hoarse and developed a nasty cough. I was not really sick when I left the firing line after my six days and returned to the billet, but I felt pretty miserable. I can remember being glad when, after a several miles' walk back of the lines, we found the army trucks ready to carry us to the village where we were quartered.

I spent four days in the billet receiving further instruction from my French officer, and then after ten days I started back to the training camp, where I was to help in the instruction of the fellows of my division who had not as yet been under fire. By the time I reached the camp I was what might be termed all in, down and out. I went to the hospital, and when I was able I was moved in an ambulance to a U. S. Army Base hospital far removed from the firing line. I was at the base hospital a month, and spent most of the time in the sunshine trying to get rid of the heavy bronchial condition that had fastened itself to me. The hospital was full—but not with Americans. I was surrounded by fellows from all the allied nations, and had the chance to talk with them. They're a great lot, and anybody who has any doubt about whether we are going to win this war needs only a few minutes' conversation with some of the chaps that have been over there for years. You bet we're going to win—there isn't a thought of anything else but victory.

At the end of my month at the base hospital it was decided that I was not fit for the firing line. Uncle Sam is mighty good to his fellows—he does not believe in placing them under unnecessary risks, and when the doctors said that my bronchial condition was practically chronic, and the life

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on the firing line would only aggravate it, I got my orders to go home and take up service in a climate where there was less chance of my becoming a liability and where there was just as much work for me to do as in France, though of a different nature.

It was a disappointment, but I'm glad to think that I had those six days on the firing line, and proud to think that I was with the first batch of Americans to see service in the fight against autocracy.

"AS ONCE IN SPARTA . . ."

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

SHE goes on knitting
As if the news were a hoax,
A sweet smile flitting
About her cool, kind mouth.
Her son, her only son,
A man, as David was one,
Loved by all Seven Oaks,
Was lost when the "Northern Queen,"
Trapped by a submarine,
Went down off Howth.

She attends to her chores
In her usual quick, calm way.
The town loudly deplores—
The dried-up spinsters aghast—
Her cold, what else but cold
Nature; all but one old
Granny of Gettysburg's day
Who fiercely takes her part,
Mumbling: "Ah, but her heart
Is at half-mast!"

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BROWNING—"GUN MAN" FOR U. S.

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

"WHO is Browning?"

Practically everyone the length and breadth of the country was asking this question on the morning that the newspapers announced that the United States War Department had adopted the "Browning machine gun."

It was a natural question. Few, outside of his own townspeople and those who are connected with the manufacture of firearms, had ever heard of this man.

"Lewis" and "Maxim" are well known names. When the controversy came up over the matter of machine guns for our new army those names were most frequently heard. It was the late Lord Kitchener, "K of K," who first made practical use of the machine gun in warfare. He used the Maxim gun. Then the Lewis gun came into existence. And when it was finally announced that our Government was giving an official test to a Browning machine gun—and later there came the news that we had adopted this gun—everyone, it seems, was puzzled and asked, "Why not the Lewis or the Maxim gun?"

It was one of the most critical times in history. A time when the very best in firearms was needed. And because the Lewis and the Maxim machine guns were well known and the Browning gun was not, it was but natural that most of us should look a trifle askance at the announcement. Everyone felt that it was no time for experiments, no time for guesswork. "Why not adopt a gun we all know about?" seemed to be in every mind.

"Browning? Browning? I'll bet his name never appeared on a firearm!" one excited retired Government official declared.

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He was right. Up to the time that John M. Browning of Ogden, Utah, perfected this new machine gun his name had not appeared on any gun. Yet——

Every Winchester rifle; every Remington shotgun; every Remington automatic rifle; every Colt machine gun; every Colt automatic pistol (such as our army officers carry); every one of the million army pistols manufactured by a Belgium concern—every one of these, and more, WAS A BROWNING GUN!

He invented all of them!

And of the millions upon millions of these firearms, known and carried in every quarter of the globe, not one bore his name.

There was a time when Wilhelm, Kaiser of the German Empire, proudly carried a handsome pistol presented to him by Albert, King of Belgium.

John M. Browning invented it.

When Admiral Robert E. Peary planted the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole he had a Winchester repeating rifle, model '92, in his hand.

John M. Browning invented it.

When, on that fatal summer day in 1914, a Serbian fanatic shot an Austrian Archduke to death and precipitated the world war, he did it with an automatic pistol.

John M. Browning invented it.

An Englishman of title, on a government mission to this country, had occasion to call on Mr. Browning at his home in Ogden. The English official bowed low.

"*Sir* John M. Browning?" he asked.

"John M. Browning, *sir*," snapped Mr. Browning. The Englishman took the hint and called him "Mister" after that. However, the Englishman was correct. Mr. Browning has every right to be addressed as "Sir," because, early in 1914, King Albert of Belgium conferred upon him the decoration of "Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold."

It is an attractive decoration—so it is said. Mr. Browning has tucked his away in some mysterious place and never even exhibited it, much less worn it.

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So it is of no use to look in the "Almanach de Gotha" or even in "Who's Who in America" for information concerning Mr. Browning. His name does not appear in those interesting volumes.

Not one in a thousand, probably not one in ten thousand, who has carried Winchesters, Remingtons, Colts, Stevens, and such familiar firearms into the woods during the game season, or used them at target practice, coupled the name of Browning, when they read about his machine gun, with their weapons. But despite the fact that various names and corporations appear on these guns, the man who created them, the man who modified and improved and simplified them, was this same John M. Browning.

There is no Browning arms plant in Ogden. There is a well-equipped shop where Mr. Browning "putters around," as he himself puts it, but he does not manufacture firearms. He doesn't have to. He invents them and lets the other fellow manufacture them while he banks his royalties.

Sixty-six years ago, however, there was a gunshop in what was then the little town of Ogden. It was owned and operated by Jonathan Browning, father of the inventor of the Browning machine gun. The Brownings are Americans through and through. In the early forties Jonathan Browning left his home in Tennessee and journeyed to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he plied his trade as gunsmith and general "tinker." He set up a shop there and made guns for the pioneers. He also mended broken plows and leaking kettles and did all sorts of tinkering. In 1852 he packed his shop equipment into an ox cart and set out for Ogden. This "equipment" consisted of a bag full of tools and an ancient wooden foot-power lathe. It took him a month to make the trip.

John M. Browning was born in Ogden two years later, and almost from babyhood he played in his father's gun shop. Back of this old lathe was a scrap heap, such as is found in every shop of this kind. It contained old broken and otherwise seemingly useless gun barrels, bits of flint and percussion cap locks and other "junk." This scrap heap and the

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ancient lathe were destined to play a big part in the world's history of firearms.

When "Jack" Browning was thirteen he wanted a gun. The only way to get it, so far as he could see, was to make it. He got busy with that scrap heap and before long he had turned out a gun that seemed to suit him. His father examined it carefully and it is said that the old man almost wept with pride and joy and told his boy that he had "done well." It is also said that this was high praise indeed from the sturdy old gun-maker, but that secretly, to friends when the boy couldn't hear and become "spoiled" by praise, the old gentleman vowed that "Jack has made a better gun than I could make."

The gun that this thirteen-year-old boy made worked admirably and the Browning larder was kept supplied with game. The boy's brothers wanted guns "like Jack's," so the boy made guns for them.

That same year he astonished his father by exhibiting original designs for breech mechanism which he had whittled out of wood. He worked in between school time in his father's gun shop. When he was twenty-five he perfected a single shot rifle that was soon in great demand out there. Orders came thick and fast. With his brothers he turned out about five hundred of these rifles, an improvement over every rifle that was known up to that time.

One of these single shot rifles fell into the hands of officials of the Winchester Arms Company, and a man went out to Ogden with all speed to find the man who made it. They found young Browning.

"Will you show us how it is made?" he was asked.

"Certainly," he responded, and the official was amazed at the manner in which they turned out these rifles by hand.

"Is it patented?"

It certainly was patented.

"Will you sell us the patent?"

Young Browning didn't know. He had made a good thing out of it. He was working from early until late trying to fill orders. It seemed rather poor business to sell a patent

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that was keeping him in all the work he could attend to. But the Winchester man named a figure that made the young inventor blink. He sold his patent, and that design was the basis of the first Winchester single-shot rifles of all calibres.

A complete list of the weapons Mr. Browning has invented would only be understood by an expert in arms. Roughly, his work includes the following:

Every rifle that the Winchester Arms Company has produced, from the single-shot to the repeating rifles. This includes the world-famous models of 1886, 1890, 1892, 1894, 1895 and 1897. Every new model brought out by this company has been a Browning product.

Every gun manufactured by the famous Fabrique Nationale, of Liege, Belgium. More than a million of these were manufactured before the war and Mr. Browning received royalties on them up to that time.

Every automatic pistol manufactured by the Colts Rapid Fire Arms Company, which includes all of the pistols carried by United States Army officers. These in all calibres from .22 to .45.

The Colt machine gun.

The Remington shotgun.

The Remington repeating rifle.

The Stevens rifle.

The box magazine used by the United States in the Spanish war.

Only an old-timer, acquainted with the guns of a couple of generations ago, can fully appreciate the genius of Mr. Browning. Just as Edison is the wizard of electricity, so is Mr. Browning the wizard of firearms. When he turned out his famous 1886 model rifle it was so superior to all others that they were practically relegated to the scrap heap. That model is still made for a high-power gun of .33 calibre.

He also invented the lever shotgun, and his 1890 model has outsold all other models of rifles in the world. It was Mr. Browning who was responsible for the radical change in rifle calibres. Men of today who were familiar with firearms thirty years ago can remember that the calibres of .22, .32,

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.38, .40 and .44 seemed as set and permanent as the everlasting hills. But Mr. Browning developed such calibres as the "30-30," the "25-20," and others known to sportsmen the world over.

For many years the bright nickel barrel and the round, revolving chamber marked the revolver. Today that type is not so familiar. We see more and more that ugly, flat, cold-blooded looking weapon, the automatic. It is the most powerful single-hand weapon made and automatically shoots to kill. It is the work of Mr. Browning.

One day Mr. Browning took a square piece of oak, bored a hole exactly the size of a .40 calibre bullet in it, placed the muzzle of a .40 calibre rifle against it so that the bullet would go through the hole, and tried an important experiment.

He had figured out that there was a great deal of wasted force in the gas caused by the combustion of the powder. He wanted to make sure how much force there was to this. He took no chances, but fastened the rifle against the board, attached a cord to the trigger and yanked.

Fortunately, it was a long cord, because the force of the gas knocked the rifle back half way across the room. This was the basis of his automatics, the basis of his famous Browning gun which is now being turned out wholesale and shipped across to France.

At the time Mr. Browning made his test he was asked about it.

"I'm trying to harness the 'kick,'" he declared, solely.

They laughed. It was "One of John's jokes," they said.

It was a mighty important joke. Soon he had utilized the power of the gas in such a manner that a part of this wasted pressure was transferred to the breach mechanism and made to operate the gun. One pull of the trigger and the rebound of the force fired the weapon a second time, this rebound fired it a third time, and so on until he soon had a gun that, with a single pull at the trigger, would fire six hundred bullets in less than a minute!

The outcome of these experiments was the automatic firearm. From that the famous old Colt's machine gun, at

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the time one of the best in the world. It was adopted by the United States Army and Navy more than twenty years ago. It was the only machine gun we used during the Spanish war. During the Boxer uprising in China a detachment of our marines with only two of these Colts' machine guns—Browning's invention—saved the foreign legations from destruction and their inmates from butchery.

In 1914, at the outbreak of this war, the only plant in the United States for the manufacture of machine guns was turning out this weapon, and quantities of them were sold to the Allied Governments.

When matters began to look as though we would get into the fight there came a demand from our Ordnance Department for machine guns. Experts began investigations. The Lewis gun was conceded to be a "wonder." It did terrible execution. But there was one drawback, it was claimed: even the lightest of these Lewis guns could not be fired by a single man except under the very best of circumstances. And in our present form of warfare there's no such thing as any "best of circumstances."

Meanwhile Mr. Browning continued to "putter" about his workshop in Ogden. He was working on an improvement of the machine gun.

This Wizard of Firearms has never been contented to sit back after one big achievement and rest on his laurels. Sometimes he takes a bit of a fishing trip by way of rest, then back again to his shop to try and make still better what has just been conceded to be his best.

He knew what was wanted—a rifle as light as the average service gun that an enlisted man might use as he would an ordinary rifle and yet, by a single pressure of the finger, pour an endless stream of bullets into the enemy.

This was out of the question, of course. But he did the next best thing—he perfected a machine gun that is no heavier than the average rifle sportsmen use for moose and bear. In fact, a lighter rifle than that used by African hunters for the biggest game—yet this machine gun that he turned out can be lifted to the shoulder as any gun and forty

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bullets directed upon the enemy in less than two and a half seconds—a stream of bullets directed as one would direct a garden hose.

Then he turned out the heavier machine gun, a water-cooled affair.

There was a loud clamor about the delay in adopting a machine gun. A louder clamor because the Lewis gun was not adopted. But all this came from men who did not know.

"It has paid us to wait, because we now have the very best machine guns in the world," declared Secretary of War Baker.

On the 27th of February history was made in connection with machine guns. On that date occurred the Government tests of the Browning machine guns at Congress Heights, a few miles from Washington. Three hundred people witnessed those remarkable tests, including British, French, Belgian and Italian army officers on duty in Washington. There were many Senators and Congressmen, our own Army officers, and probably fifty or more writers for the press and magazines.

"A success!" was the unanimous verdict after the test.

The lighter gun was first tried. The fifteen-pound arm shoots twenty or forty bullets at one time, either from the shoulder or the hip. One move of a lever cocks the weapon, one pressure of the finger discharges it, and the shots pour out as fast as one can follow the other from the muzzle. It is an air-cooled gun and works automatically after the first shot, by means of the gas pressure. If desirable, the gun may be operated to shoot every time the trigger is pulled. In general defence, however, the soldier would use the former method and spray the advancing enemy with forty bullets before six shots could be fired from the ordinary repeating arm. The standard cartridges used by our forces in France in the Springfield and modified Enfield guns are used in this gun. The only tool necessary for taking apart the gun is the edge of a cartridge. One man operates it quite alone, feeding the clips and shooting.

Arm a body of men with these and a hundred could mow

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down a couple of regiments. Or for advance, nothing could stand up under them.

The wicked weapon, however—the weapon that is doubtless destined to be heard from with our troops—is the Browning heavy machine gun. This is water-cooled and works on a tripod, but it weighs only thirty-two pounds. In the test 20,000 rounds were fired without a break or a malfunction of any sort. In another test out of 20,000 shots there were but three misses, due each time to a bad cartridge. In a supreme test, 39,500 shots were fired in such instantaneous succession that the report sounded like one noise. Then the gear gave way. But no such test would ever be made in actual warfare, as such guns are worked in pairs, one to rest, cool, be reloaded and set back in place while the other is operating. This gun is to be used for aviation service, stripped of its water-cooler jacket, as the air will serve as a cooler. In this shape it weighs but twenty-two and a half pounds.

The details of this test are history. They astounded the world. The verdict from everyone, everywhere, was:

"This is the best machine gun made."

It was fifty-one years ago that John M. Browning made his first gun. He has been making them, inventing new ones, improving old ones, ever since.

And for the first time in his more than half a century of gun-making he has permitted his name to be used in connection with a firearm.

It is little wonder that he was not widely known. It is little wonder that many people looked askance when it was announced that the Government had adopted the Browning gun, or that they asked: "Who is Browning?"

Go to any big gun manufacturing concern in the world and use his name and you will find out that this man is known. It is said that there was not a firearm plant in the world of the modern type but what, before the present war, was paying some sort of a royalty to a "Yankee chap named Browning."

"Browning?" they would repeat, "ah, yes; the American wizard of firearms. See—this gun, and that one—this

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appliance, that improvement? His! We must pay royalty to use it!"

Thomas A. Edison's strides from the day he sold newspapers on a train and rigged up a little laboratory in one corner of a baggage car, up to now, have been no greater than those of Mr. Browning from that thirteen-year-old day when he turned out his first gun on an old wooden foot-power lathe up to his latest achievement, the "Browning machine guns."

His income is, naturally, enormous. When the Kaiser tore up the Belgian treaty and marched through that country he put a stop to some big royalties that were coming from the Fabrique Nationale, but Mr. Browning's machine guns will be squaring that little impertinence before long.

"They say" his income in royalties is about a million a year. It wouldn't be at all surprising, especially in these times.

If he were at his shop one would find him in overalls and jumper, at a bench, softly whistling as he worked away on some new device for improving a gun or pistol. If at home one would quite likely find him in a plainly furnished living room, sitting back in an armless chair, playing "The Blue Bells of Scotland" on a banjo.

Those are Mr. Browning's chief indoor sports—tinkering with firearms or playing the banjo.

For sport he prefers a mountain stream and a hatband full of trout flies in summer, or up in Wyoming in the hunting season after "b'ar" and other worthy game.

He is six feet three inches tall—straight up and down as an Indian and as vigorous as most men of thirty. He never took to "citified ways," and doesn't bother a tailor, preferring the ready-made garments. A very narrow straight collar, half a size too large—worn for comfort and not for show, he says—any sort of a suit handy, and he's ready for the first emergency call.

With him an "emergency call" is generally a wire from some firearms concern asking him to come on and help with a model. One concern had experts working a year to make a

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smaller calibre of one of Browning's guns. Then they sent for him. He looked over their drawings, looked over his model to refresh his memory—he has made so many they are difficult to classify at a glance—and started to make a few drawings himself. By night he had completed the work. They handed him a check for $10,000 and a certain agreement concerning royalties, and he went back to his little shop and his banjo.

Our Ordnance Department has promised that by June they will be sending Browning machine guns over to France faster than they can be used.

Meanwhile John M. Browning—"Gun Man"—is strumming on his banjo out in Ogden and "thinking up" improvements on what is already conceded to be the best machine gun in the world.

THE WILL TO BE

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

I SAW a blossom yesterday,
Abloom in a cloistered spot
Girt round with rocks and heavy clay,
Where the red earth seemed a clot
Of barreness and adamant
Where man was loath to stay,
Yet up and up through cold and dark
The seedling had forced its way,
Up to the sun and the west wind,
And the smell of the distant sea,
A tiny petaled, fragile thing—
Proof of the will to be. . . .

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WHAT MUST BE DONE IN FRANCE

An Interview by "The Forum" with

ANNE MORGAN

NOTE: *Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, has long been known for her charities. She was one of the founders of the Vacation Association, an organization which has been of great benefit to working girls, and since the war she has been ceaseless in her efforts to aid the wounded in France and make possible better conditions among the civilians who lost their homes when the German forces came driving across Northern France. As one of the heads of the American Fund for French Wounded, she organized last spring the Civilian Committee, whose work is described in this article. In March of this year this committee was incorporated under the name of The American Committee for Devastated France. Just before Miss Morgan returned to her work back of the firing line, she gave this interview to a representative of The Forum.*

THE war in France is going to be won, not by men alone, but by the food on which men live. That is a realization that comes to you, if you have been close to the scene of action in that shell-torn land.

Food, and ships!

The fields of Northern France are ready for the spring sowing, just as the fields of our own country lie soft in the warm spring sunlight. Will they be sown this year? Will the harvest season find France able to feed her people? Or will it mean that if they are to eat even the smallest possible portions of food, hardly enough to keep well and strong, they will have to depend on outside help? How will the English soldiers in France share in the food distribution? What of our own soldiers—the boys from the United States?

As this interview is being written, over a million German soldiers are hammering the lines that hold the reconquered and devastated districts of Northern France. Last spring, for the first time in three years, these fields were planted—whether all of the land will be available this year only the outcome of the drive will tell—but even if Germany is able to hold more land in France than she held in January,

As this article was going to press, a cablegram was received from the French Government requesting the American Committee to open up two centres on the same lines as here described in the Somme and in Alsace.

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1918, there is all the greater reason why what is left should receive more intensive care.

Food will win the war, is a popular slogan in the United States, and there will be a chance of the war being won in the very near future if we can get into the devastated districts of France—*now*—and sow the fields. How will that help? Because for every pound of food raised in Europe there will be a pound more room on a transport for men and munitions. And why make a point of the devastated land? Because this land, which has been so carefully nurtured by the Picardian farmers, is capable of yielding twice the amount of wheat and barley per hectare (a hectare approximates two and a half acres) as the fields to the south.

We have been hearing a great deal about the final push towards victory which America will give to the Allied struggle. I wonder if we will honestly give that push in the right direction; if we Americans are able to grasp what must be done in France.

It is a little over a year ago that I journeyed up from Paris with a group of women volunteers to aid in the recultivation of Northern France. Our destination was a village within sound of the big guns that have kept the Germans out of France. The road over which we walked from the station was once a great highway; now, at the cross-roads we skirted a shell hole big enough to conceal a man with his oxen and cart, and tried not to see the pathetic attempts of the natives of the town to cover up the wreckage left by the retiring conquerors. All the cross-roads in the Aisne and Somme districts were wrecked by the retiring Germans, such devastation being considered a good military practice, for it would hinder the movement of men and guns. One of the first duties of the returning French regiments was to reconstruct these cross-roads.

The village—its name matters not at all—was in the Aisne district, situated in the heart of what was once the most profitable farming country of France. In the days before the war the fields outside the village—which, when we first saw them, resembled no other field on earth save those

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torn lands of France and Belgium—had been able to yield the phenomenal harvest of approximately thirty-five *quintaux* of wheat to a hectare (that is thirty-five hundredweight of wheat to about two and a half acres). The whole of France averages only twelve *quintaux* to the same amount of land, so one may judge of the richness of the soil and the industry of the peasants.

That following morning when the little band of volunteer workers—they were all American women—went out over the land that they were to restore, it seemed a most hopeless task. For three years this land had been in the hands of the Germans and they had done nothing save destroy it. The majority of the fruit trees had been hacked down (an agricultural authority averages the loss of fruit trees at forty thousand) and the fields were often wrecked through shell holes. Only the sunshine and a few old people, left behind by the retiring army, remained. A few? Yes; remember that the original advance of the invaders through this country was so rapid that many of the best fighting men were not able to escape and were made captive. Those men who did escape are of course at the front, or possibly working in munition factories. Fully fifty per cent. of the population of Northern France was carried as civilian prisoners by the retiring Germans and are now working for the Germans behind their lines. Many a village which, before the war, boasted of three hundred inhabitants, now holds no more than thirty—all of them old and infirm, while often only two or three of the original inhabitants remained.

And these old people are scattered over the Somme and Aisne district, which should be teeming with agricultural activity. For almost four years the farm wagon and the atelier have been abandoned—and yet France needs food. Before the war ninety million *quintaux* of wheat were required for bread. Today only forty millions are produced. The deficit is because the north of France, which yielded the largest part of the wheat crop, today yields nothing. Approximately 5,000,000 acres of the best land in France is still held by the enemy. In the south redoubled efforts have not been pos-

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sible, for practically all the men are gone and the women have both the factory and farm work to accomplish.

How is this deficit of forty million *quintaux* to be made up? By the sending of wheat from other countries? Suppose other countries can spare their wheat, how will the wheat be transported? The United States is 3,000 miles away, the wheat fields of South America still further. An added inconvenience is a lack of ships, and to these ships there is the danger of the submarine. And every boat carrying foodstuffs takes away just that much cargo space needed for munitions. Inadequate munitions means inert guns at a critical moment, and loss of lives—Americans as well as French lives.

Going back to the little band of women who had pledged themselves to hard work for devastated France, these women were planning to do what the French people were attempting as rapidly as their land was free from the conqueror. Shortly after the declaration of war societies had been formed in the larger centers which were known as *Cooperative Agricoles,* consisting of seven leading men from each Commune. These men all possessed enough insight to know the imperative necessity of soil productiveness. However, there were no laborers for the fields, no farm implements, no horses, cattle, fruit trees, nor barnyard animals. Yet in spite of this all, the farming people were willing to organize in the interest of France. Only those who know the independent spirit of the Picardian farmers can appreciate what this organizing has meant to them. Years of custom had to be overcome, but they finally pooled their belongings for the common good. The marvel is that these people, broken in health and spirit, should have enough spirit left to return to their ruined farms and seek the inadequate means about them of restoring the land.

The help that was needed in the fields came from several sources. The French army officials arranged for soldiers to work in the fields when they were not on the firing line. These were men who, after spending twenty-five days on the firing line less than a score of miles to the north, would come

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down to the villages and spend five days in the fields. Fortunately, we were able, through our influence, to secure from the French Government three batteries of American tractors (thirty tractors), also some old sowers, partly wrecked by the Germans, but still capable of being repaired. Most of the farm machinery was so scientifically destroyed as to be useless, but a small proportion was saved and utilized, the soldiers establishing forges, where the work was accomplished under almost primitive conditions.

Next came the buying of grain and seed, and the Prefecture became interested. Small amounts were readily advanced (remember that these farmers were absolutely penniless) to individuals, who had undoubtedly had claims against war damages. The army supplied horses, as well as necessary wagons, and after seven or eight weeks of hard work the spring planting of three thousand hectares of wheat and barley was accomplished.

While this work had been going on arrangements had been made for the planting of 7,200 fruit trees and the establishment of a dairy. The planting of the trees was a necessary work accomplished under difficulty, for all the labor available was being used in the fields. The dairy, by the way, was the first established in the Aisne district in three years. The cows came to us under military escort from Normandy and were sold to those farmers who could care for them. Last year many of the farmers could not buy cows, for while cattle can graze in summer, the farmers were not able to raise enough fodder for them to eat during the winter. This spring, however, we are starting to provide for such an emergency. The American Red Cross, which has been most interested in the type of agricultural reclamation work we have been doing, has added another thousand dollars a month to their appropriation for the sustaining of approximately a thousand acres of land on which fodder will be grown. This will make it possible for us to have more cattle and to distribute more cattle to the farmers.

So much for the harvest of 1917. It was a success, for about 3,000 hectares were cultivated and it is calculated that

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enough wheat and barley to feed four thousand people for a year can be raised on 500 hectares.

But what about 1918? The French army that helped us so materially with the cultivation of the three thousand hectares will be marching on to victory. More lands of France are being reconquered. Will the acres that were made productive be allowed to fall back into disuse for lack of manpower to sow the seed and reap the harvest? Even with the men of the French army at our disposal it seems doubtful that more than the original three thousand hectares could be cultivated.

It is a problem of the greatest magnitude—a problem of men and money. Twice thirty tractors, a large number of additional horses, carts, seed and workers are needed *at once*.

For this present spring flocks of sheep are needed. There is a great deal of uncultivated land, and one man can care for a flock of sheep that will be of great value to the country. Incubators are needed, and more cows. At this present writing the committee of women have nine cows at their headquarters at *Blerancourt,* and it is a strangely pathetic sight to see thirty or forty men, women and children carrying milk pails for their allotment of nourishment, such as they had not known for years.

All this work must go on, and what is needed is an agricultural army; an army of men under army discipline who will plant the fields of Northern France. If five hundred, or fifteen hundred men could be sent to France they could be distributed through the Aisne and the Somme districts in groups of from six to ten, to co-operate with the French already returned to their homes. In such an event the task would assume less gigantic proportions. Then, too, another great aid would be if it were possible to utilize German prisoners for work on the land they helped to destroy. So far this has not been possible, for an international, before-the-war, agreement reads that prisoners are not to be kept within twenty-five kilometers from the front. Germany, of course, has violated this agreement.

However, if it is not possible for an agricultural army to

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be raised this spring, we must depend on volunteer workers, and to a certain extent these workers will have to be women. There is, I am proud to say, no trouble in getting volunteers, but there is a difficulty in getting the right type of volunteers. Many men have offered to go over, but they are not sufficiently well versed in the art of agriculture to be of any real service. We need men and women who know how to work the land, and we need, if possible, men and women who are able to speak and understand French. The life in the reconquered districts is not luxurious, but it is not a life of actual hardship. Small demountable houses are provided, and of course one has to share rooms with other workers. A trait that is necessary to possess to be able to help in the reconstruction of France is the spirit of sacrifice—the spirit of laboring for the love of the work to be accomplished.

I have in mind an incident that will serve to show a type of American that is *not wanted* in France. After we had been able to get from the French Government a battery of the American tractors, there came from Paris a young American mechanic who had been sent from the United States to show the Frenchmen the details of the tractor's machinery. He was an educated American mechanic, and yet in spite of the fact that he must have known what his work was accomplishing, we had almost to use force to make him stay with us long enough for the Frenchmen in our village to learn from him the workings of the machinery. He objected to the apparent hardships (they were in reality only inconveniences); he felt that he was insulted and degraded because he was given a bed in a room with a group of Frenchmen, whom he did not feel washed themselves frequently enough. The spirit of sacrifice was lacking—and it must be there if the work is to be properly accomplished.

The money problem is as great as that of the men. The expense of recultivating a hectare of land is in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred francs, the follow-up work necessary to complete the harvest brings this amount to three thousand francs. The French Ministry of the Interior and Agriculture is willing to do its share, the American Red Cross is con-

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tributing six thousand dollars a month, while the American Committee for Devastated France will contribute a large sum. This, of course, is raised by popular subscription.

It really seems to me that this agricultural work, this restocking of the farms of France, is the most important work that we Americans can undertake. Money and men is what is needed—and little else. The time to be personal in one's expression of the war interest is, to my mind, passed. We should think twice before sending our old clothes to France. The benefit from all such gifts is doubtful, and they take up very precious room on shipboards. The making of a baby's garment is a sentimental thing, but the baby's coat can be bought in France, or made in France with materials bought over there. Send the money instead of the coat, for at least at present materials for such garments are not scarce in France.

This will serve to show something of what must be done in France. We shall be pressing on toward a great victory when the fields of the Somme and Aisne are ripe for the harvest, when the hillsides are dotted with grazing sheep and cows, when rabbits and fowl of every description are being raised in the barnyards.

It is certainly to be hoped that American men will assume their share of duty by organizing man-labor for France. The fields are crying for seed—who will scatter it? The guns are in need of shells—will they stand idle because men and women must eat? America must supply the burden —and it is better to send money and men to France than to send bulky foodstuffs.

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MY WOMEN TYPES—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

By PENDENNIS

THE irresistible charm of the artist's nature is not so mysterious as it is often made to appear—it is nothing more or less than culture. Your genuine studio has no masterpiece completed, no finished work that could not have been better. The reserve of the artist is the laboratory of his work.

This is not the usual spell one attributes to the stories of Robert W. Chambers, but he is as distinctive a type of a man whose inner culture declines to impose itself upon the world at large, as any of the girl-types he has picked from their primrose paths. He has no doubt strolled with them through some emotional by-ways of their adventures, because he admitted that his heroines were drawn from life. He has not made photographs of them, nor has he attached to them any of the incidents he found them involved in, but he has, metaphorically speaking of course, "held hands" with them. Such indiscretions are not for all men what they are to the man who adorns them with his art. The culture that should underlie the incidental life of an artist improves everything he draws. Chambers began his artistic career as an illustrator.

A middle-aged, rather stern countenanced man, this highest-priced author of the most popular magazine fiction betrays nothing of the hectic animation which he has so successfully tossed on our parlor table. He does not suggest in his appearance the romantic quality of those hours, spent with him, by so many emotional aspirants under the rosy shade of the reading lamp. No, he looks hard-headed, eagerly practical, while a vein of pessimisim runs through his thought, always politely considerate of other people. His hair is cut correctly, short; his clothes are noticeably inarticu-

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late, his boots are thick, flat heeled, remotely out of fashion. There are two of him, because he lives two identities, the objective and the introspective. So artists keep young, in a continuous honeymoon of intellectual curiosity.

The Chambers story has been of the kind one could abuse, because it seemed to pander so obviously to sex-ideas, whatever they are. The fact is that it would be impossible to tell any story sufficiently interesting to read that avoided the eternal problems of love, of moral doubt, of ambition, whipped into some dramatic conflict for a woman. At any rate, it matters little in a world of all thought and all feeling, whether stories are true or not, because sincerity is no longer objective, it is almost wholly introspective. However, when one talks with the author of "The Common Law" one does not associate him with insincerity, or with any of the frivolous values ascribed to his work. He is sincere to the point of ultra-conservatism, and he has no illusions that differ from those of other men.

"I suppose curiosity is the quality that keeps writers busy more than any other," he said, "because the mere personal analysis of an author should not intrude. What the author thinks introspectively, usually annoys the reader. And besides, his views may really have nothing to do with his story. That is the great expectation of the reader, a good story. I don't think that any reader appreciates the analytical impressions, no matter how brilliant they are, that an author may have about life. What the reader wants to know chiefly, is what happens next. Therefore, I have found in my trade that I must tell a story, and very often that story has no place whatever in my private views, although it may be harnessed by the art which every writer cannot evade in good workmanship. Of course, there are two kinds of stories which have a very definite formula by which they can be told. A story is either objective or it deals with the dramatic conflict of introspective incident. But neither of them must neglect the important fact that the reader wants to know what happens next. Now, that is not always an interesting programme for the author, but it does make a good job.

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"In writing about women I have invariably drawn my types from life. Woman is such an illusive figure in the actual experiences of a man's knowledge that once he begins to speculate about her, he is likely to become false, though interesting. I think that one feature necessary to a good story is fact; fact, of course, adorned with art. Women will always be the mysterious elements to men, because men are by instinct much more dishonest than women. A woman's dishonesty is usually so transparent, generally so closely allied to some childish motive of coquetry, or some indescribable desire not at all unattainable, that it has no serious consequences. She is not half such a pretender as man, and she is much more inclined to speak the truth on vital issues than he is. The camouflage of a woman's relations to men is not in the lies she tells, but because of the lies he tells. I have an enormous respect for the instinct of feminine honesty, but a considerable lack of confidence in her executive foresight.

"The American woman is not half as well educated to the feminine charm of character as the French woman. There is an indescribable feminine certainty of virtue in the latter that does not insist upon recognition. The English woman is rather stupid about her feminine camouflage. One of the chief faults in the American woman lies in the fact that her greatest ambition is to appear picturesque. Men, especially foreign men, who have had more time to study the feminine character than we have, have been especially successful with American women because they know how to inspire their instinct to look picturesque. In their wooing they describe a picture in which they place the girl they make love to as a central figure. The picture is usually a pleasing one; it makes its impression, and she begins to imitate the character he has given. Widows always look sad, when the period of mourning is long passed, debutantes always look frightened, tall women think they are Duchesses, and little women regard themselves as King's favorites.

"I have avoided the married woman, because she is abused by the traditions which bind her. I approve of divorce, because when the emotional charm of marriage is gone

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it is really a dead issue, and should be dropped. There really ought not to be any fuss made over a marriage that has come to the end of its spiritual and physical life. It should not be scandalous to ask for a dissolution of a contract. The time will come when the matrimonial agreement will have its place in the lawyer's cabinet with other contracts made for a partnership. And it will have no greater significance in its legal bond than a partnership contract. It seems to me that it is the highest form of selfishness for a man or a woman to compel the conditions of a marriage contract when those conditions no longer exist.

"I should say that 95 per cent. of the divorces in this country are because the men wish it. Women are obedient creatures of habit, they are not rebellious, and they prefer the good opinion of their friends and neighbors at any cost, so in most cases it is the women who oppose divorce.

"These opinions happen to be personal, and have nothing to do with my work as a story writer. It is my inclination to keep my own views entirely out of a story. I like to throw the story into the ring and stand aside and watch its fate. There must be, of course, in every story the adornment of art; there is a pride in workmanship of everything we do. That perhaps is the only personal relation of the author to the story.

"As to the charge of writing literature, I don't think men are writing anything of literary value, compared to the work being done by women. Such authors as Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Miss Elizabeth Robins, have written far and ahead better than anything we men can do. There is a grace, a penetration, a truth, in the instinct for honesty in the woman's mind which, when applied to art or to science, far surpasses men. In science, especially, women are better specialists.

"It will be impossible for any author to explain why his stories are successful. Grateful as he is for many readers, he may be surprised that they read his story at all. In my own work, when I get half through a novel I am like the dog

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that has not finished everything on his plate and backs away from it gorged with the feast. My own stories have the most erratic way of developing. Sometimes I begin with the last chapter, sometimes in the middle, and sometimes I lay out an elaborate skeleton. The despair of my publisher is this uncertainty of working method. I have sometimes written thirty thousand words, waited for two weeks to decide what should happen next, and torn up the whole thirty thousand to get rid of the dilemma. It was much easier for me to do that than to doctor the manuscript.

"The great mass of girls in America, the girls who work, read anything that is handed to them. And, what is worse, they read it to the last word. Just as they are in the habit of cleaning up their plates at the table, they clean up their literature.

"It is a pity that they are so indiscriminate in their selection of reading material. The really important quality of the girl who earns small wages is the fact that she works. I believe every woman should be self-supporting, I believe it is most vital that girls should be absolutely independent financially of men. In America we have discovered this, and women are insisting upon economic independence.

"As to suffrage for women, I think that we men are rather pledged to give them an equal opportunity with us, but I doubt very much whether their executive ability in the face of the enormous problems that are now facing the world will be found equal to executive authorities. At any rate, they should be given a chance to try it, and we should not oppose them.

"My own types are by no means the kind of girls that I personally would suggest as models of American womanhood. I feel that the best type I have written about was 'Athenie.' She was a girl just emerging into a career of science. She was a psychic of a very high order. A great many women have psychic gifts, which, when they discover it, embarrass them intensely. They don't know what to do with the psychic forces given to them. For that matter, the higher spiritual gifts of women are extremely

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difficult for them to manage. And they usually have them to a far greater degree than men.

"We hear a good deal about the influence of environment on American girls. Of course, I am not so familiar with the American woman of the Far West, but I fancy she differs very little from the woman of the East, as I know her. Environment really has nothing to do with her development. Education has nothing to do with it. She survives by the traditions of her bringing up, by the inheritance of her character. She is barricaded in her soul, not in her environment. That is why I believe in the utmost freedom for women, in their right of way in every direction. Every woman is responsible to her self for her own career, and the sentimentalism that is written and talked about proper protection for her, about sparing her a full knowledge of life, has no bearing upon her ultimate strength. There is nothing in life which she will not touch with her mind and that she will not adjust according to her spirit.

"The misunderstandings that arise between young people of both sexes is due to the fact that women are honest and men are dishonest. I have a notion that women never grow up. When they cease playing with dolls they begin to dress up their emotions, and they are just as innocent in their amusement with them as they were with the dolls. It is the common human inheritance, particularly noticeable in young boys and girls, that they want to imagine themselves highly charged with beautiful virtues. The success of the moving pictures is largely due to the fact that these young people who sit in front imagine themselves in the same situation. Of course, they would always do the generous things, they would always conduct themselves from the standpoint of the highest virtue, and they would always be just. This is much more true of girls than it is of boys."

This may not be the Robert W. Chambers that you imagine. Certainly it is not the popular author, in his most popular vein, but it is the man behind the Chambers story, which perhaps we would not recognize in the magazine page.

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OUR DANGER—TOMORROW'S GERMAN-AMERICANS

Some Startling Evidence in the Case

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

TWO MILLION youths of German parentage in the United States are today being taught in their homes that Germany is right, that everything German is good and that all else should be regarded with contempt.

We are harboring a population that is infecting our Nation with un-American ideals. The moment in our National crisis has arrived when the menace of wrong teaching is a danger of gathering strength, threatening our next generation of American youth—the inheritors of our ideals, for whom we are fighting a battle of world freedom across the sea. That thing that we hope to pass to our children is in danger at home. The house is threatened while the master is away. We are confronted with a danger to our institutions at home not less destructive than the ambitions of the enemy beyond the trenches in Flanders. It is the infection of our youth, through German virus, bred and propagated by German-Americans in the United States, an alien in our body politic, antagonistic to our ideals, gas-masked and helmeted against American conceptions and teachings of democracy, as opposed to the " Kultur " of the Fatherland.

This is not a new policy, on the part of the German-Americans, to bring up their children to German thoughts and German aims; to teach them that the Kaiser is the supreme personality on earth and that the United States is a foreign country and a sometime colony of the German Empire.

German-Americans were given this education a generation ago.

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That generation was taught just as the "Second Generation" of today is being taught for tomorrow's activities.

It was a political plan originated in Germany in the days of early Prussianism when those veneered barbarians dreamed first of "Der Tag." "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." There are German parents in the United States today who are bending every effort to not only keep their children in spirit and learning thoroughly German, but to instil in their minds a contempt of everything that is not of German origin.

HOW DISLOYALTY IS BRED

TODAY throughout the country are German-American homes, camouflaged in front by the Stars and Stripes, where sit parents behind locked doors teaching their children to be un-American and disloyal to the United States. Not every family, perhaps, but such an overwhelming majority of them as to be a startling menace to our National ideals.

I will cite an example of a German home in New York City.

There is an American flag over the door. There is a Red Cross card in the window. One of the daughters is working with the local Red Cross,—camouflage. The father, when in public, puffs out his cheeks and says, "I have bought Liberty Bonds."

This German has a son of about sixteen. He goes about the neighborhood. He talks like this: "The news in the papers that the Allies are winning is a lie. We know the truth. Germany is winning the war.

"Men come to our house to talk with father. Big men, bankers and others. They are all Germans—working for Germany. I listen. I hear their plans. The doors are locked; they talk low, and for hours, late into the night. They come frequently. Other meetings are held. They have a secret organization."

And this boy whispers names—names which I have seen written on a slip of paper from one who is investigating this,

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names of men who stand high in commerce, finance and the professions.

Such meetings are not held in the homes of every German-American in our country. It is not to be expected. But they are held in far more German-American homes than we suspect. There is a secret masonry in the land, talking, planning, scheming, plotting, teaching—all for Germany, all against the United States. We know these foreign-born are not loyal, but the harm does not end there. The insidious poison affects the *second generation* of German-Americans. The danger is there, and it is growing.

"My father won't let me talk about the war," said a German boy of seventeen to me not long ago.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Father says if I talk I will get excited and get us in trouble."

The inference is obvious. The boy's heart is German. His teaching at home is un-American.

First by teaching German-American youths that the Kaiser is next to God, by teaching German-American youths to believe that the Germans are the wisest, strongest, bravest and most cultured people on earth, most beloved of God, and that as their reward they are to literally inherit the earth.

SPREADING KAISERISM IN AMERICA

AFTER war broke out in August, 1914, the German-Americans in the United States "mobilized." A prominent German-American society card indexed its people. There were said to be the names of 4,000,000 German-Americans listed. Literature was sent these people. They were informed of German victories and German aims, German "news" and German propaganda was diffused. They were kept loyal—to Germany. First they were taught to hate England and France. That hatred was passed on to us. It is against this inherent heritage that the United States must fight the battle of education at home. These German-Americans of the second generation must be treated to feeding by

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force. It is they who menace our free institutions and democracy.

The Germans who came to the United States did not come here to be good Americans; they came here to be good *German* citizens in America and they taught their children that while this was a comfortable country to live in, Germany was, after all, the only country worth while and the German people the only race worthy of consideration.

As the constant drip of water makes a lasting, irreparable impression upon granite, so does the constant teachings of the Germans in America keep the second generation German, disloyal to everything else, regardless of right or wrong, regardless of benefits they receive from this country.

If these teachings could be summarized they would read something like this:

"Teach your children that the Kaiser is all-powerful, the most wonderful and greatest man on earth."

"Teach your children that Germany is everything and all other nations are nothing."

"Teach your children to always remain German, to belittle everything not German, to do everything to help the Fatherland and to harm everything else."

Not only to parents, but to clergymen, school teachers, lecturers, musicians, artists, have these instructions been given. And well they have obeyed them and are obeying them.

There are today many schools in this country where only German is taught. There are today schools and so-called religious societies where the "Star Spangled Banner" is never heard, the words are not known, but at every session German-language songs are sung.

There are five hundred German-language newspapers printed in the United States. There are 8,817,271 people of German stock in this country. In many private schools German language is used for elementary instruction instead of the English.

In Nebraska nineteen public schools had to be abandoned because German-language parochial schools, fostered by the

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German-Lutheran church, had taken their place. German language is used in 300 of these schools in Nebraska alone for elementary instruction in place of the English language.

In some of the German schools the children who speak English are severely punished.

The enrolment of German children in public schools is continually falling off.

American cities are spending insignificant sums for the Americanization of the foreigner as compared with the public moneys spent for the education of American youths in German language and literature.

Columbus, Ohio, spent in 1916-17 $16,000 for German education and *nothing for Americanization!* Fort Wayne, Ind., spent in 1916-17 for German education $14,672, and for Americanization, $108. Philadelphia's record for the same period was $70,000 of the people's money for German education and but $11,000 for Americanization; Cleveland, $50,083 for German education and $18,712 for Americanization

EXAMPLES OF GERMAN TEACHING

ACCORDING to the Foreign Press Bureau of the New York *Tribune,* the Germans have found a new method of making propaganda for the young by means of music text books. As a matter of fact, German singing societies have for years been one of the many methods of teaching the young German-Americans to worship everything German and to remain un-American. Their text books, many of them, have been cleverly compiled for this purpose, and, says the Des Moines *Capital:*

"Not only have our school books been filled with matter that has sounded the praises of everything that is German, but it has been threaded into our school music books and sent out on the wings of song. German music, German opera, German songs translated without changing the substance, and directed and sung by Germans, have been taken up and carried along by American supervisors, who never suspected any evil designs of Germany to make America German in thought and feeling."

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Also, by means of "notes," and especially "prefaces" and "introductions" to music text books, according to the *Tribune's* Foreign Press Bureau, Germany seeks to carry on this propaganda, going so far, in some books, as to discuss the inferiority of all other people to the Germans. One instance of this occurs in the text of Beethoven's "C Minor Sonata." In the preface, or introduction, the editor, Professor Heinrich Schenker, says:

"Let the German nation, which is the most capable in the universe, and which is more richly endowed with talents and abilities than even the Greeks and Romans, ascend the steps of the throne; and let the German nation persist until the inferior nations understand its greatness and learn to appreciate it with gratitude!"

Of the French he says that:

"They are deprived of all sincerity, of intelligence, of culture, fond to exaggeration of vague and meaningless phrases, who indulge in degenerate practices, and are most narrow-minded."

As to the English, he says that their love for sports has deprived them completely of the religious sense, manners, artistic tastes and scientific spirit.

"In spite of Shakespeare, Carlyle Byron and some others, the English people are contemptible."

The Italian, in the German's opinion,

"is a bandit, a boaster, faithless, who has taken the motto of sacred egotism from the brigands, without inheriting their chivalrous character."

Of all, however, he finds for the Americans the most insulting names:

"A crowd of storekeepers without Kultur, whose mind cannot be excited except by the coarsest buffoonery. The country often boasted of unlimited possibilities, but in reality it is the country of most restricted possibilities, the country where the basest commercialism exclusively reigns and is accompanied by lack of Kultur, which results in impersonality, irreligion, laziness and the lack of the logical sense of which Wilson, Eliot and others have given proof. . . . In

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a word, that country where the ideas of Kultur and humanity are as remote from their true sense as whiskey is remote from the nectar of the Olympian gods."

There are German-language newspapers printed in this country every week, some every day, that never go to press without containing some article so unpatriotic that if it were to be printed in English in an American paper and signed, the author would be mobbed within six hours after it appeared.

At the recent Americanization Conference held in Washington, which was attended by eighteen State Governors representing their State Councils of Defence, United States Senator "Lafe" Young of Des Moines had this to say:

"It is high time for this country to take steps to end the most insidious form of German propaganda, which is bringing up many children in schools where they hear nothing but German—schools where the session on each day is closed by the singing of 'Deutschland uber Alles' and 'Die Wacht am Rhein.'

"In these same schools, *and there are thousands of them in the Northwest,* textbooks are used which paint and advertise the German Emperor as a great man. There are textbooks which were printed in Germany and which give the impression that Germany is a great free country, a thing that has not been so for hundreds of years.

"In the Northwest this education of the children in German schools has enabled the foreign politicians to control elections and make their influence felt everywhere. If the Legislative chambers of this country were freed of men like La Follette it would be of as much benefit as driving back an entire division of German troops on the Western front.

"The newspapers published in German are supporting and abetting the insidious German propaganda, and if I had my way every publication in that tongue would be abolished immediately."

Among the resolutions adopted at this conference was this:

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"4—That in all schools where elementary subjects are taught they should be taught in the English language only."

Commenting on this, the New York *Times* said, "Substitute '*must*' for 'should.' That is the beginning of Americanism."

TEACHERS OBEY THE WORD FROM BERLIN

DISLOYAL school teachers have been removed, not all of them, but many. These were Germans. They were carrying out their orders to teach the second generation. Not only in New York City, but in many other places school teachers have been removed for disloyalty. They were bound to obey the word from Berlin and preferred to risk their positions rather than fail in their "duty" toward their Kaiser to teach the second generation of German-Americans to hate the United States and to live and work for "Deutschland uber Alles."

A teacher in the De Witt Clinton High School in New York City said that patriotism to the United States must not be discussed in the school and that persons wearing the uniform of a soldier of the United States must not be allowed to enter the school building.

This teacher was removed.

Another school teacher did not consider it his duty to develop in the students under his control a respect either for the United States or its President.

Similar examples came up throughout the country. In Brooklyn, N. Y., the teachers of the Commercial High School voted 73 to 7 "to give all their aid to the stamping out of disloyalty on the part of teachers and pupils."

As far as known, those seven teachers who voted against this are still employed there, drawing their salaries from moneys paid by the citizens of Brooklyn.

Dr. William T. Hornaday said that he felt as if the 750,000 school children were threatened by a den of rattlesnakes. The doctor knows all about rattlesnakes, as he is head of the Zoological Society. Then he amended this by saying that the disloyal teachers, those attempting to aid

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Germany, were worse than the snakes, because a child bitten by a snake has a chance to recover, but a child trained to be disloyal to his country has this training so indelibly impressed in his mind that recovery is extremely doubtful.

Besides the German singing societies, there are athletic societies, junior bowling societies, and many other organizations which really cover one main purpose, that of teaching the Second Generation of German-Americans to be at all times un-American and all for Germany.

VICE-KAISER TO AMERICA

THE work of the German-American Alliance, as disclosed at the hearing in Washington on the bill to repeal its charter, was one of a vigorous propaganda embracing every phase of possible activity, including the "proper instruction of the second generation of German-Americans," for the benefit of the German government and, apparently, the ultimate destruction of our own government.

The membership is three million!

Evidence of the disloyalty of this Alliance was offered at the hearing by Gustavus Ohlinger, a lawyer of Toledo, who said that the organization has been repeatedly charged with disloyal acts. It apparently serves as a clearing-house for German propaganda, for all German bodies, clubs, singing societies, shooting societies, athletic clubs and literary groups. In each state there is a state branch. This alliance, which should be destroyed utterly without delay on almost any of the quantity of evidence offered against it, has for its head Dr. C. J. Hexamer. This man is, according to the Emperor of Germany himself, a sort of "Vice-Kaiser" in charge of the "German district of the United States of America."

Dr. Hexamer was personally decorated with the Red Eagle by the Kaiser. What the Kaiser thinks of Dr. Hexamer, as told in a passage from Le Quex's book, referred to by Mr. Ohlinger in his testimony, is this:

"Even now I rule supreme in the United States, where almost one half of the population is either of German birth

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or of German descent, and where three million German voters do my bidding at the presidential elections.

"No American administration could remain in power against the will of the German voters, who, through that admirable organization, the German-American National League of the United States of America, control the destinies of the vast Republic beyond the sea.

"If man ever was worthy of a high decoration at my hands, it is Herr Dr. Hexamer, the president of the league, who may justly be termed to be, by my grace, the acting ruler of all the Germans in the United States."

This German-American Alliance, which, the Kaiser says, is so powerful that no American administration can remain in power against the will of the Germans here, has been in existence a great many years. The only method by which the object of the organization has been kept up has been that of *teaching "the second generation."*

"Instead of patriotic ends," testified Mr. Ohlinger at the hearing, "this Alliance has devoted itself to the following purposes:

"1—The consolidation of all those of German descent in an economical, political and social block. As instruments for this purpose it has used the German press, the German stage, the German societies, *the German parochial schools, and a continual propaganda for compulsory teaching of German in public schools.*

"2—The arousing of racial antagonism and opposition to all progress of assimilation.

"3—The vigorous propaganda for the benefit of the German government.

"4—Opposition to the policies of the United States.

"5—The furtherance of the aims of disloyal organizations and individuals."

This, in brief, is what the Germans here are teaching their children. It was such teachings as these that culminated in the dishonorable discharge of Captain David A. Henkes, U. S. A., who was condemned by court-martial to twenty-nine years' imprisonment for disloyalty and violation

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of his oath of allegiance. It has been learned recently that this man purchased rather freely of both German and Austrian war bonds. He wasn't taught this year or last. He was taught twenty years ago, when a child. The same teachings are going on today.

OUR WAR HAS NOT STOPPED IT

OUR war against Germany has not stopped this sort of teaching by German-Americans, the inculcating of German Kultur and antagonism of things American in his children. Rather, it has increased it. A little more secrecy is maintained in the practice.

Dr. Hexamer wrote a contribution to the "1911 Annual of the Society of German Writers in the United States," which was, in part:

"The German-American who does not renounce his Teutonism and who does not cease to work until 'Americanization' means 'Germanization' to the whole people, is the best American. It is our foremost duty—no matter where we were born—to stick up for German science, German art, and German affection, and to fight in public and private life hypocrisy, jealousy, infamy and hypocritical intolerance.

"Therefore, we will and must preserve the German language as the key to a higher culture, *and facilitate, in the interest of our children, German education.*"

As a matter of precaution some of the pastors and teachers in the parochial schools of the German Lutheran churches have advised the cessation of teaching in the German language for the duration of the war! This brought forcibly to notice, after many investigations were made, that in thousands of such schools throughout the country German language, German ideals and German standards were taught, while virtually nothing of Americanism and nothing of the English language was taught the German youth.

The cautious ones advised dropping the teaching of German only "for the duration of the war," because the German people here do not intend that their children shall become Americans in thought, word or deed, but shall be brought up

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to oppose our national policies and to work for that day when the United States shall be a German colony.

The *Literary Digest* asked more than 1,200 school superintendents throughout the United States if German was taught in their school or if it had been dropped. This query brought 1,100 replies. Of this number 100 were to the effect that German was not taught. This left 1,000 schools scattered throughout the country, as a good representation of the average, in which German was taught. Of this number only 149 had dropped the German language, while, despite the war, despite everything, apparently, 851 continued to teach German and evidently propose to continue teaching it.

Some, many, in fact, have asked, " But why throw out the German language? There is much of German art and literature that is of help and should become a part of our education." Some of our biggest educators have asked this, and many of them, apparently, in all honesty.

An editorial in the Des Moines *Capital* explains this German-language danger, this school-teaching of the Second Generation, in a startling manner, in a manner that should awaken with a violent bump that easy, criminally tolerant, spineless " O-let-'em-alone " group of people in this country.

" Deception," says this editorial, " intrigue and cunning will work for a time with the unsophisticated. This sort of thing has been going on in the United States for many years, but at last the mask that has hidden the insidious German propaganda *that has been woven into our whole educational system* has been lifted and the whole scheme is being revealed in its true light."

ROOT, BRANCH AND TRUNK MUST BE DESTROYED

THE German-Americans have worked to make German language study compulsory in our public schools. They have sought to prevent their children from becoming Americanized. The veil has not been entirely lifted. If it were, not another forty-eight hours would pass before every German textbook in America would be condemned to destruction. The German language, like every other tongue, is the

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history and glorification of its nationality. Its very words take root in German deeds and German valor. America has been fed up on the ancient glory of foreign races. Our children have lauded the deeds of alien heroes in declamations, and have sung pæans of praise to Teutonic savagery. The poison has taken root and we confront a new issue—Americanism—the antithesis of all that binds our youth to the lands their fathers deserted to escape tyranny and compulsory militarism. Root, trunk and branch must be plucked, to protect and preserve our next generation to American ideals.

July 4, 1917, three months after the United States had declared war upon Germany, a German language newspaper in Nebraska gave away souvenir spoons at a German picnic. Naturally, under the circumstances, they did not dare to display German flags at a Fourth of July picnic, but on these spoons, which every child received, was the likeness of the Kaiser and Hindenburg!

Julius Koettgen, assistant secretary of the Friends of German Democracy, is quoted in the *New York Times* as saying:

"There are still too many German papers, such as the Evansville (Ind.) *Demokrat,* which daily asks support because it is fighting for 'Germanism and its sacred rights.' From its editorials it seems that these 'sacred rights' are diametrically opposed to the rights and interests of America."

Such German-language papers as these are an inspiration to German parents teaching their children to become un-American. From such papers parents can read to the smaller children and can give to the older children to read for themselves.

HOW TO REMEDY THE DANGER

THIS poisoning of the minds of the Second Generation constitutes a grave danger. How to overcome this danger is a problem that cannot be solved by education alone. Radical exclusion and forceful extermination of Germanism, from our schools and in German-American homes, must be

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enacted and violations punished. German-American societies, German-tongue newspapers, pamphlets and books must be utterly deleted from our civilization. The mantle of Germanism must be struck off, destroyed, incinerated and entirely eliminated. An embargo at home and at our ports must set the seal of exclusion on everything "Made in Germany." There is no other way to protect the Second Generation of German-Americans and wean them to Americanism and citizenship in all its meanings of loyalty and service.

* * * * * * * *

There was a wise old Persian who wrote fables a century before Omar sung of his loaf of bread and jug of wine. Had he lived today he could have written nothing else that would have so well summarized the situation that confronts us as his

FABLE OF THE SIMPLE POTTER AND THE TREACHEROUS SERPENT

"A Serpent, not satisfied with making his home undisturbed in the house of a Potter, suddenly attacked him, but the Potter eluded the venom and imprisoned the reptile beneath an earthen bowl. Being averse to violence, the Potter did not kill the Serpent, but satisfied himself with removing its fangs, saying, 'Go, thou Serpent. I have rendered thee harmless for all time.'

"The Serpent crawled away full of rage, and at once began teaching its young, saying, 'When thy fangs are full grown, go thou and kill the Potter and all in his house, that the house may be our own.'

"And the young Serpents did this, and the Potter and all in his house were killed by the second generation of Serpents."

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PARTY POLITICS IN WAR ISSUES

By HON. REED SMOOT

[UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH]

NOTE: *Senator Smoot is a Republican member of the Senate Finance Committee, the Appropriations Committee, and is a prominent and aggressive Republican and has been in the Senate since 1903.*

PARTISAN politics is with us and, whatever may be its undesirability, is going to remain with us. It may be futile to try and place responsibility for it. Perhaps it rests inherently in the fact that ours is peculiarly a party government. It may be doubted, indeed, if there is any such thing, or ever was any for an appreciable time, or that there should be such a thing, as non-partisan government. In the friction, the jealousies, the rivalries between parties, selfish though they may be, lies protection against oligarchy and rests the guarantee that the rights of the public, which stands as arbiter, will be given high consideration and safeguarded against the danger of invidious agreement.

Frankly, I am a partisan. I am a Republican and belive that party is best equipped for carrying on the public business efficiently. However, I know it enjoys no monopoly of ability, or skill, or of patriotism. Neither does its great rival, the Democratic party. It might be unfortunate at any time, and especially in time of war, for the public business to be turned over exclusively, without check or modification, to either party. I emphasize war times, for the reason that then all the resources of the nation should be utilized for promoting and insuring honorable success. These resources, numerically speaking, are divided with some degree of evenness betwen the two great parties. In the election of 1916 more than 16,000,000 persons voted; and yet there was a difference of only a few hundred thousand between the number of ballots cast for the Republican and Democratic can-

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didates, respectively. It would be absurd to think that we could carry on the war, or any other great national undertaking, for that matter, by utilizing the ability, the strength, the patriotism of only the 8,000,000 Democrats who voted for President Wilson, or that of the almost as large number of Republicans who voted for Mr. Hughes.

SHOULD BE NO PARTISANSHIP IN WAR

HENCE there can be no such thing as a Democratic war or Republican war. There can only be an American war, in which members of all parties must join with equal ardor if success is to be attained. And no one disputes the fact that the Republicans have joined in carrying on this war as actively and as fervently as the Democrats. The Democratic party, however, dominates the national machinery by which the war functions of the country are operated; they dominate that machinery, at present, by choice and favor of the voters. The voters who put them in charge have the right to dismiss them from control or to modify that control. There can only be appeal, rather than complaint; it is for the party to make the first and for the voters to register the second.

During the past year, the first of our participation in the war, there have been happy evidences of subdued if not suspended partisanship, and some of a too excessive display of partisanship. In Congress there has been scarce division along party lines. Both parties have joined in promoting and perfecting war legislation. The Republicans have been guided more by what the Democratic Administration said it wanted than by what they believed was needed to be done. There have been individual differences and dissents, but war measures have been opposed most often by, and by more, Democrats than Republicans. The Finance Committee of the Senate, of which I am a member, has not divided or submitted a minority report on a single piece of legislation since the war began. The same virtually can be said of the Appropriations Committee, of which I am also a member. A minor-

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ity of each committee is made up of Republicans; yet they have joined with the majorities in recommending for passage practically everything the Administration has indicated as necessary or desirable in carrying on the war. It is needless to say that some of these committeemen, and some Republicans as well as many Democrats on the floor of the Senate, considered much of the legislation they supported as being revolutionary and socialistic in character, and in some cases unjustifiable and unnecessary. However, they have realized that individual views in time of war must be made subordinate to the ideas of those in control as to national needs, and have voted supplies and power in almost unlimited quantities. Only when some principle bearing on the vitals of our government has been attacked have they spoken or voted opposition. Personally, I have voted against only one Administration so-called war measure. That was the one striking down the liberty of the press and in defeating which Democrats were as energetic as Republicans.

REPUBLICANS HAVE NOT SOUGHT PARTY ADVANTAGE

COULD any more have been asked or expected of the Republicans? In view of such a record, can anyone assert that the Republicans have sought to secure party advantage at the cost of administrative efficiency? Of course individual Republicans have dissented to and opposed some of the war measures, but, as a rule and particularly in the Senate, you will find that a larger number of Democrats did likewise.

Neither have the Republicans sought partisan advantage by calling the attention of the country to the blunders of the Administration, though they have been numerous, transparent and often appalling. Nearly all the investigating has been sponsored by the Administration's party, and the severest denunciation of Administration mistakes and failures have come from the leaders of that party.

And yet when a Republican is offered as a candidate for the votes of the people, the question of "loyalty" invariably is injected, and statements are made clearly carrying the in-

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ference that Democrats alone can carry on this war and that Republicans are disloyal. Such politics is not excusable on the score of necessary and unavoidable partisanship. It is harmful, disruptive, and, whatever the result, conduces in no whit for success on the battlefield.

I agree with the seeming position of President Wilson that a degree of partisanship is desirable no less in war than in peace. We need the benefits of discussion, and the best refining processes of discussion are grounded in disagreement, not necessarily as to national aim, for there can be no tolerable disagreement there, but as to the attainment of that aim.

PRESIDENT WILSON AN INTENSE PARTISAN

THIS much can be said in President Wilson's praise, that, while he is an intense partisan and persists in it in war as he did in peace, he makes no pretenses as being otherwise disposed. Neither by expressed utterances nor by implication has he advised the American people to diminish their interest in party welfare or their activity in the promotion of party interest. He makes no secret of the fact that he regards himself as the head and leader of the party which promoted his election. By his active support of partisan candidates, not only national but local, he has demonstrated his belief that not even the exigencies of war require the laying aside of party lines, party organization and party activity. In fact, his own party is preparing for the most active campaign this year it probably ever made in a so-called off year of politics and in these plans he is giving his encouragement and his aid.

Though his attitude may differ from that of all his predecessors in the Presidential office, and however it may be regretted, he acts within his rights in adhering to the tenets and promoting the welfare of his party. With equal consistency he must expect all men who believe in the superiority of Republican principles and policies, and in the superiority of the representatives and personnel of the Republican party to legislate and administer the affairs of government, to sup-

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port the candidates of that party as earnestly and as continuously as he supports the candidates of his own.

I speak of the President out of no desire to inject personalities and only as the leader of his party. What I say applies equally to others who seem to think that partisanship should be a special privilege of one class or party. It is only fair to repeat that the President is perfectly, though negatively, candid, and makes no high-flown asservations about non-partisanship while pursuing a contrary policy.

WE ARE NO LONGER ISOLATED POLITICALLY

ALL effort to estop partisanship, even if it could be prevented or should be prevented, is of no avail. Yet this partisanship should be and can be confined to proper bounds. We must remember that we are no longer isolated politically. Heretofore the extremities and violences of our campaign methods have made appeal in foreign countries only to students of the curious and regarded by them only as inexplicable or amusing Americanisms. Now our situation is different. We must speak in language that is known in England, in France, and in Germany. When our political fervor leads us into superflage and exaggerated generality, however spectacular, we cannot explain either to our allies or to our enemies that it was not meant as said. They will interpret our political expletives by the dictionary and construe our words not by definitions that modify them for us, but by their actual meanings.

For example, the word "disloyal" has a very cogent dictionary meaning. There is not a country at war, except our own, wherein it is bandied about with reckless disregard of the fact that a firing squad is and should be its corollary in time of war. In the local campaigns we have had since war began it has been used so extravagantly as to actually give warrant for the impression in foreign lands that most of our citizens are traitors to the country. For several men against whom, in the excitement of partisanship, it was raised have been elected to office, and are truly as patriotic and loyal as the men who were defeated.

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OUR LINGUAL LICENSE MISUNDERSTOOD ABROAD

IN a Congressional election in New Hampshire, just a short time after the war began, the Democratic whip in the Senate and the recognized spokesman for the President in that body, declared that a vote for the Republican candidate would be a vote "for Prussianism and the Kaiser." Yet the majority of those voting cast such a vote and the man elected has been as ardent in support of the Administration as any Democrat. How can we expect a charge made with such authority to be understood in Germany as consisting of mere lingual license? What would our construction be had the same things occurred in Germany, or France, or England?

That was not an isolated instance. It has had its counterpart in most of the other elections that have occurred since the war began. In the Massachusetts gubernatorial campaign last fall a member of President Wilson's Administration declared the nation would accept the election of a Democrat as a demonstration of patriotism. The State failed to make such a "demonstration" by a majority of 90,000! The State's troops are still in service and nobody has heard more of Massachusetts' "disloyalty."

Similar displays of dangerous and misleading political bantering talk has been made in all campaigns since we declared war. In the Wisconsin election there was some division between the loyal and the disloyal or indifferent. That issue was not confined to its legitimate bounds even there, but was permitted to percolate with jarring and disrupting effect the ranks of the fully loyal, all because they saw fit to divide along party lines. That contest developed a new measure of patriotism, which was that "the McLemore resolution, the embargo issue and the armed neutrality issue presented the first opportunities to apply the acid test in our country to disclose true loyalty and genuine Americanism."

WHERE HAS THE "ACID TEST" BEEN APPLIED TO DEMOCRATS?

IF such "acid tests" are to be applied they should be employed impartially without regard to party and should not be applicable either to Republicans or Democrats alone.

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Yet where has the test been applied to Democrats? Men whom it would have eliminated from the ranks of the "truly loyal" have been appointed to high and important office, as in the case of ex-Representative Kent, now a member of the Tariff Board, by the same power that defined it. And others of like record on those or analogous pre-war measures have had their loyalty preferred over that of other men with contrary records or none at all upon these measures. Hon. Finley H. Gray of Indiana, who opposed the Administration's preparedness measures, even presenting a minority report and speaking against the proposed increase of the Navy, had the full support of the Administration in his race for Congress last year.

I am for rooting out and branding and punishing every form of disloyalty to the country in this war, whether it is found in the ranks of the Republican, Democratic, Socialist or other parties, or no party at all. No legitimate "test" will be opposed by me and I don't believe by others of position in the Republican party. And there is no test based upon the records of words or actions which will not relegate more conspicuous Democrats than conspicuous Republicans; for veritably upon all those measures arising before or since the declaration of war that have been proffered as bases for tests there has been less dissent by responsible Republicans than by responsible Democrats.

Apply the tests but apply them universally, without partisan bias or partisan favor.

Indeed, though it pains me to say it, there is enough disloyalty abroad in this country to engage the attention of the loyal, without the loyal—and the bulk of both parties are such—turning on each other with baseless accusations and thereby giving leeway to real sedition.

NOT DISLOYAL TO DISAGREE ABOUT MEASURES

THERE is plenty of room for division between Republicans and Democrats outside of the national aims on which they all should and most of them do agree. A disagreement as to the best measures for furthering those aims,

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unless it tends toward demoralization or disruption, can in no sense comprise disloyalty to the country.

The inevitable clash between the two big parties can be made of valuable service to the country, provided it is properly restricted and ridden of that wordy extravagance and misuse of terms which with us is a great political sin. There is a wide field for legitimate discussion of the carrying on of the war, and instead of such a discussion between candidates and party rivals tending to lessen the national determination and undermine the national morale, it should really promote both. However, there should be no field for petty complaint, baseless accusation and unfounded intimation.

The Republicans have made full demonstration of their readiness to subordinate party interests and to join with the members of any and every party in any and every way to speed the war to a victorious end. In view of the program that has been forced upon them through the adherence of their rivals to partisan expediency, the maintenance of their own self-respect permits no other course than the acceptance of the gauge of battle and to urge the election of Republicans to assist in carrying out the principles and policies we deem best and likely to contribute most effectively to the successful prosecution of the war and the wisest solution of the innumerable economic, financial and social problems which will confront us.

THE REPUBLICAN IN OFFICE BEHIND THE WAR AIMS

AND the record of Republicans in office, as I have shown, precludes any danger of an empasse resulting from the election of a Republican Congress. Such a result would probably facilitate the work of the Government and would provide a curb on extravagances and a guard against unnecessary delays.

The Republicans in control of Congress would act as they have acted in minority; that is, they would support the vigorous prosecution of the war in every proper and possible way.

There are a great many people in this country who,

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though not disloyal, have favored tarrying measures in the hope that the war would be won without our doing a great deal to win it. This attitude is dangerous and must be overcome. We must think only of victory and quit thinking of how we may get it without putting forth the fullest effort.

As I said in the beginning, I am a partisan Republican. But before and above that I am an American. As a Republican I shall be loyal to party so far as such does not conflict with duty to my country, and I believe it the duty of Republicans to put forth the fullest vigor in the fight that has been forced upon them.

But I believe it best that the Republicans remain in the minority than that one word should be uttered, one charge made, though based upon the solidest fact, or a single action taken which would delay by a single day that honorable victory the country must win.

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SIXTEEN MONTHS A WAR PRISONER

What a Canadian Soldier Saw and Suffered in the "Black Hole of Germany"

By PRIVATE "JACK" EVANS
[4th CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES]

NOTE: *John Evans, of Toronto, enlisted early in the war and sailed overseas in the Spring of 1915. He had a year's hard fighting, was captured near Ypres and for sixteen months toiled in the worst prison camp in Germany, the Westphalia coal mines. He is not only one of the few prisoners to escape from Germany but, with his companion, is probably the only one to have sufficient pluck and strength left to get away after a year and four months of the living hell to which the British especially were subjugated. It was his fourth attempt to get away; twice he was captured by bloodhounds and once when within 200 yards of Holland. He carries shrapnel wounds and is still suffering from being gassed at Zillebeke.*

I WAS in Germany as a prisoner of war from June, 1916, to September, 1917.

My story starts with my capture at the third battle of Ypres. The Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles were in the front line at Zillebeke. We had been terribly pounded by German artillery, in fact, almost annihilated. After a hideous night, morning, June 2, 1916, dawned beautiful and clear. At 5:30 I turned in for a little sleep with four other fellows who made up the machine gun crew with me. Lance-Corporal Wedgwood, in charge of the gun, remained awake to clean it. I had just got into a sound sleep when it seemed as if the whole crust of the earth were torn asunder in one mammoth explosion, and I found myself buried beneath sand bags and loose earth. I escaped death only by a miracle and managed to dig my way out. A giant shell had blown up our dugout. Two of the boys were killed.

"We're in for it," said Wedgewood. "They'll keep this up for a while and they'll come over. We must get the gun out."

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The gun had been buried by the explosion, but we managed to get it out and were cleaning it up again when another trench mortar shell came over. It destroyed all but 300 rounds of our ammunition. Then the bombardment started in earnest. Shells rained on us like hail stones. The German artillery started a barrage behind us that looked almost like a wall of flame; so we knew that there was no hope whatever of help reaching us.

Our men dropped off one by one. The walls of our trench were battered to greasy sand heaps. The dead lay everywhere. Soon only Wedgewood, another chap and myself were left.

"They've cleaned us out now. The whole battalion's gone," he said.

As far as we could see along the line there was nothing left, not even trenches—just churned up earth and mutilated bodies. The gallant Fourth had stood its ground in the face of probably the worst hell that had yet visited the Canadian lines and had been wiped out!

It was not long before the other fellow was finished by a piece of shrapnel. I was wounded in the back with a splinter from a shell which broke overhead and then another got me in the knee. I bled freely, but luckily neither wound was serious. About 1:30 we saw a star shell go up over the German lines.

"They're coming!" cried Wedgewood, and we jumped to the gun.

The Germans were about seventy-five yards off when we got the gun trained on them. We gave them our 300 rounds and did great damage; the oncoming troops wavered and the front line crumpled up, but the rest came on.

What followed does not remain very clearly in my mind. We tried to retreat. Every move was agony for me. We did not go far, however. Some of the Germans had got around us and we ran right into four of them. We doubled back and found ourselves completely surrounded. A ring of steel and fierce, pitiless eyes! I expected they would butcher us there and then. The worst we got, however, was a series of kicks

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as we were marching through the lines in the German communication trenches.

HORRORS OF "SANDSTORM" SOUP

WE were given quick treatment at a dressing station and escorted with other prisoners back to Menin by Uhlans. The wounded were made to get along as best they could. We passed through several small towns where the Belgian people tried to give us food. The Uhlans rode along and thrust them back with their lances in the most cold-blooded way. We reached Menin about 10 o'clock that night and were given black bread and coffee—or something that passed by that name. The night was spent in a horse stable with guards all around us with fixed bayonets. The next day we were lined up before a group of German officers, who asked us questions about the numbers and disposition of the British forces, and we lied extravagantly. They knew we were lying, and finally gave it up.

During the next day and a half, traveling in cattle trucks, we had one meal, a bowl of soup. It was weak and nauseating. We took it gratefully, however, for we were nearly starved.

Finally we arrived at Dulmen camp, where I was kept two months. The food was bad, and very, very scanty. For breakfast we had black bread and coffee; for dinner, soup (I still shudder at the thought of turnip soup), and sometimes a bit of dog meat for supper, a gritty, tasteless porridge, which we called "sand storm." We used to sit around with our bowls of this concoction and extract a grim comfort from the hope that some day Kaiser Bill would be in captivity and we might be allowed to feed him on "sand storm."

While I was at Dulmen we had quite a number of visitors. One day Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador, appeared. He looked us over with great concern and asked us a number of questions. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked as he was leaving.

"See if you can get them to give us more food," one of us begged.

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"I shall speak to the camp commander about it," promised Mr. Gerard.

I do not doubt that he did so—but there was no change in the menu and no increase in the quantities served.

After two months at Dulmen prison camp we got word that we were to be sent to work on a farm. We conjured up visions of open fields and fresh air and clean straw to sleep in and perhaps even real food to eat. They loaded fifty of us into one car and sent us off, and when we reached our farm we found it was a coal mine!

As we tumbled off the train, stiff, weary and disappointed, we were regarded curiously by a small group of people who worked in the mines. They were a heavy looking lot—oldish men with beards, and dull, stolid women. They regarded us with sullen hostility, but there was no fire in their antagonism. Some of the men spat and muttered "Schweinhunds!" That was all.

We were marched off to the "Black Hole." It was a large camp with large frame buildings, which had been erected especially for the purpose. There was one building for the French prisoners, one for the Russians and one for the British and Canadian contingent. Barbed wire entanglements surrounded the camp and there were sentries with drawn bayonets everywhere.

IN THE "BLACK HOLE OF GERMANY"

WE were greeted with considerable interest by the other prisoners. There were about two hundred of our men there and all of them seemed in bad shape. They had been subjected to the heaviest kind of work on the slenderest rations and were pretty well worn out.

Some of us were selected for the mine and some were told off for coke making, which, as we soon learned, was sheer unadulterated hell. I was selected for the coke mine and put in three days at it—three days of smarting eyes and burning lungs, of aching and weary muscles. Then my chum,

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Billy Flanagan, was buried under an avalanche of falling coal and killed. There were no safeguards in the mine and the same accident might occur again at any time. So we struck.

The officers took it as a matter of course. We were lined up and ordered to stand rigidly at " attention." No food was served, not even a glass of water was allowed us. We stood there for thirty-six hours. Man after man fainted from sheer exhaustion. When one of us dropped he was dragged out of the ranks to a corner, where a bucket of water was thrown over him, and, as soon as consciousness returned, he was yanked to his feet and forced to return to the line. All this time sentries marched up and down and if one of us moved we got a jab with the butt end of the gun. Every half hour an officer would come along and bark out at us:

"Are you for work ready now? "

Finally, when some of our fellows were on the verge of insanity, we gave in in a body.

After that things settled down into a steady and dull routine. We were routed out at 4 o'clock in the morning. The sentries would come in and beat the butts of their rifles on the wooden floor and roar " Raus! " at the tops of their voices. If any sleep-sodden prisoners lingered a second they were roughly hauled out and kicked into active obedience. Then a cup of black coffee was served out to us and at 5 o'clock we were marched to the mines. There was a dressing room at the mine where we stripped off our prisoners' garb and donned working clothes. We stayed in the mines until 3:30 in the afternoon and the " staggers "—our pet name for the foremen—saw to it that we had a busy time of it. Then we changed back into our prison clothes and marched to barracks, where a bowl of turnip soup was given us and a half-pound of bread. We were supposed to save some of the bread to eat with our coffee in the morning. Our hunger was so great, however, that there was rarely any of the bread left in the morning. At 7 o'clock we received another bowl of turnip soup and were then supposed to go to bed.

If it had not been for the parcels of food that we re-

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ceived from friends at home and from the Red Cross we would certainly have starved. We were able to eke out our prison fare by carefully husbanding the food that came from the outside.

The citizens working in the mines when I first arrived were mostly middle-aged. Many were quite venerable in appearance and of little actual use. They were willing enough to work and work hard; but they complained continually about the lack of food.

That was the burden of their conversation, always, food—bread, butter, potatoes, schinken (ham)! They were living on meagre rations and the situation grew steadily worse. The people that I worked with were in almost as bad a plight as we prisoners of war. In the course of a few months I could detect sad changes in them.

GERMAN MINERS ALSO SUFFERED

THE German miners were quite as much at the mercy of the officers as we were. Discipline was rigid and they were "strafed" for any infraction of rules; that is, they were subjected to cuts in pay. Lateness, laziness or insubordination were punished by the deduction of so many marks from their weekly earnings, and all on the say-so of the "stagger" in charge of the squad. At a certain hour each day an official would come around and hand each civilian a slip of paper. I asked one of my companions what it was all about.

"Bread tickets," he explained. "If they don't turn up for work they don't get their bread tickets and have to go hungry."

The same rule applied to the women who worked around the head of the mine, pushing carts and loading the coal. If they came to work they received their bread tickets; if they failed to turn up the little mouths at home would go unfed for a day.

I often used to stop for a moment or so on my way to or from the pit-head and watch these poor women at work. Some of them went barefoot, but the most of them wore

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wooden shoes. They appeared to be pretty much of one class, uneducated, dull and just about as ruggedly built as their men. They seemed quite capable of handling the heavy work given them. There were exceptions, however. Here and there among the gray-clad groups I could pick out women of a slenderer mould. These were women of refinement and good education who had been compelled to turn to any class of work to feed their children. Their husbands and sons were at the front or already killed.

The food restrictions caused bitterness among all the mine workers. There were angry discussions whenever a group of them got together. For several days this became very marked.

"There's going to be trouble here," my friend, the English Tommy, told me. "These people say their families are starving. They will strike one of these days."

The very next day, as we marched up to work in the dull gray of the early morning, we found noisy crowds of men and women around the buildings at the mine. A ring of sentries had been placed all around.

"Strike's on! There's a bread strike all through the mining country!" was the whispered news that ran down the line of prisoners. We were delighted, because it meant that we would have a holiday. The authorities did not dare to let us go into the mines with the civilians out; they were afraid we might wreck it. So we were marched back to camp and allowed to stay there until the strike was over.

The strike ended finally and the people came back to work, jubilant. The authorities had given in for two reasons, as far as we could judge. The first was the dire need of coal, which made any interruption of work at the mines a calamity. The second was the fact that food riots were occurring in many parts and it was deemed wise to placate the people.

But the triumph of the workers was not complete. The very next day we noticed signs plastered up in conspicuous places with the familiar word "Verboten" in bold type at the top. One of our fellows who could read German edged up close enough to see one of the placards.

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"There won't be any more strikes," he informed us. "The authorities have made it illegal for more than four civilians to stand together at any time or talk together. Any infringement of the rule will be jail for them. That means no more meetings."

"WE CAN'T BEAT YOU," SAID GERMANS

THERE was much muttering in the mine that day, but it was done in groups of four or less. I learned afterward, when I became sufficiently familiar with the language and with the miners themselves to talk with them, that they bitterly resented this order.

I found that the active leaders in the strike shortly afterward disappeared from the mine. Those who could possibly be passed for military service were drafted into the army. This was intended as an intimation to the rest that they must "be good" in future. The fear of being drafted for the army hung over them all like a thunder cloud which might burst at any moment. They knew what it meant and they feared it above everything.

When I first arrived at the mine there were quite a few able-bodied men and boys around 16 and 17 years of age at work there. Gradually they were weeded out for the army. When I left none were there but the oldest men and those who could not possibly qualify for any branch of the service.

In the latter stages of my experience at the mine I was able to talk more or less freely with my fellow-workers. A few of the Germans had picked up a little English. There was one fellow who had a son in the United States and who knew about as much English as I knew German, and we were able to converse. If I did not know the "Deutsch" for what I wanted to say he generally could understand it in English. He was continually making terrific indictments of the German government, yet he hated England to such a degree that he would splutter and get purple in the face whenever he mentioned the word. However, he could find it in his heart to be decent to isolated specimens of Englishmen.

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I first got talking with Fritz one day when the papers had announced the repulse of a British attack on the Western front.

"It's always the same. They are always attacking us," he cursed. "Of course, it's true that we repulse them. They are but English and they can't break the German army. But how are we to win the war if it is always the English who attack?"

"Do you still think Germany can win?" I asked.

"No!" He fairly spat at me. "We can't beat you now. But you can't beat us! This war will go on until your pig-headed Lloyd George gives in."

"Or," I suggested, gently, "until your pig-headed Junker Government gives in."

"They never will!" he said, a little proudly, but sadly too. "Every man will be killed in the army—my two sons, all—and we will starve before it is all over!"

The German citizens, in that section at least, had given up hope of being able to score the big victory that was in every mind when the war started. What the outcome would be did not seem to be clear to them. All they knew was that the work meant misery for them and that, as far as they could see, this misery would continue on and on indefinitely. They had lost confidence in the newspapers. It was plain to be seen that the stereotyped rubber-stamped kind of official news that got into the papers did not satisfy them. Many's the time I heard bitter curses heaped upon the Hohenzollerns by lips that were flabby and colorless from starvation.

There was much excitement among them when, early in 1917, the news spread that unrestricted submarine warfare was to be resumed. Old Fritz came over to me with a newspaper in his hand and his eyes fairly popping with excitement.

"This will end it!" he declared. "We are going to starve you out, you English."

"You'll bring America in," I told him.

"No, no!" he said, quite confidently. "The Yankees won't come in. They are making too much money as it is.

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They won't fight. See, here it is in the paper. It is stated clearly here that the United States will not fight. It doesn't dare to fight!"

BRUTALITY TO THE PRISONERS

BUT when the news came that the United States had actually declared war they were a sad lot. I took the first opportunity to pump old Fritz about the views of his companions.

"It's bad, bad," he said, shaking his head dolefully.

"Then you are afraid of the Americans, after all?" I said.

Fritz laughed, with a short, contemptuous note. "No, it is not that," he said. "England will be starved out before the Americans can come in and then it will all be over. But —just betwen us, you and me—most of us here were intending to go to America, after the war, where we would be free from all this. But—now the United States won't let us in after the war!"

I shall never forget the day that the papers announced the refusal of the English labor delegates to go to Stockholm. One excited miner struck me across the face with the open newspaper in his hand.

"Always, always the same!" he almost screamed. "The English block everything. They will not join and what good can come now of the conference? They will not be content and the war must go on!"

The food shortage reached a crisis about the time that I managed, after three futile attempts, to escape. Frequently, when the people took their bread tickets to the stores they found that supplies had been exhausted and that there was nothing to be obtained. Prices had gone sky high. Bacon, for instance, $2.50 and more a pound. A cake of soap cost 85 cents. Cleanliness became a luxury. These prices are indicative of the whole range and it is not hard to see the struggle these poor mine people were having to keep alive at all.

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At this time our parcels from England were coming along fairly regularly and we were better off for food than the Germans themselves. Owing to the long shift we were compelled to do in the mines we fell into the habit of "hoarding" our food parcels and carrying a small lunch to the mines each day. These lunches had to be carefully secreted or the Germans would steal them. They could not understand how it was that starving England could send food abroad to us. The sight of these lunches helped to undermine their faith in the truth of the official information they read in the newspapers.

Our lot at the mines was almost unendurable. We were supposed to receive four and a half marks (90 cents) a week for our labor, but there was continual "strafing" to reduce the amount. If we looked sideways at a "stagger" we were likely to receive a welt with a pick handle and a strafe of several marks. Sometimes we only received a mark or two for a week's work. Most of this we spent for soap. It was impossible to work in the mine and not become indescribably dirty and soap became an absolute necessity.

We lived under conditions of great discomfort in the camp, 250 of us in 30 x 30 quarters. There were two stoves in the building in which coke was burned, but the place was terribly cold. The walls at all seasons were so damp that pictures tacked up on them mildewed in a short time. Our bunks contained straw which was never replenished and we all became infested with fleas. Some nights it was impossible to sleep on account of the activity of these pests. On account of the dampness and cold we always slept in our clothes.

THREE FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE

DISCIPLINE was rigorous and cruel. We were knocked around and given terms of solitary confinement and made to stand at attention for hours at the least provocation. Many of the prisoners were killed—murdered, by the cruelty. It became more than flesh and blood could stand. One day seven of us got together and made a solemn compact to

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escape. We would keep at it, we decided, no matter what happened, until we got away. Six of us are now safely at home. The seventh, my chum, J. W. Nicholson, of Winnipeg, is still a prisoner.

I made four attempts to escape before I finally succeeded. The first time a group of us made a tunnel out under the barricade, starting beneath the flooring of the barracks. We crawled out at night and had put fifteen miles between us and the camp before we were finally caught. I got seven days' "black" that time, solitary confinement in a narrow stone cell, without a ray of light, on black bread and water.

The second attempt was again by means of a tunnel. A chum of mine, William Raesides, who had come over with the 8th C. M. R.'s, was my companion that time. We were caught by bloodhounds after twenty miles and they gave us ten days' "black."

The third attempt was made in company with my chum Nicholson, and we planned it out very carefully. Friends in England sent through suits of civilian clothes to us.

The next day we dressed up for the attempt by putting on our "civies" first and then drawing our prisoner's uniform on over them. When we got to the mine we took off the uniform and slipped the mining clothes on over the others. We worked all day. Coming up from work in the late afternoon, Nick and I held back until every one else had gone. We went up alone in the hoist and tore off our mining clothes as we ascended, dropping each piece back into the pit as we discarded it.

It was fairly dark when we got out of the hoist and the guards did not pay much attention to us. There was a small building at the mine head where we prisoners washed and dressed after work and a separate exit for the civilians. Nick and I took the civilian exit and walked out into the street without any interference.

We could both speak enough German to pass, so we boldly struck out for the Dutch border, which was about 85 miles away, traveling only during the night. We had a map that a miner had sold to us for a cake of soap and we guided

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our course by that. We got to the border line without any trouble whatever, but were caught through over-confidence, due to a mistake in the map. Close to the line was a mile-post indicating that a certain Dutch town was two miles west. The map indicated that this town was four miles within the Dutch border.

"We're over!" we shouted when we saw that welcome mile-post. Throwing caution aside, we marched boldly forward, right into a couple of sentries with fixed bayonets!

It was two weeks' "black" they meted out to us that time. The Kommandant's eyes snapped as he passed sentence. I knew he would have been much more strict on me as the three-time offender had it not been that the need for coal was so dire that labor, even the labor of a recalcitrant prisoner, was valuable.

"No prisoner has yet escaped from this Kommando!" he shouted, "and none shall. Any further attempts will be punished with the utmost severity."

Nevertheless they took the precaution to break up my partnership with Nicholson, putting him on the night shift. I immediately went into partnership with Private W. M. Masters, of Toronto, and we planned to make our getaway by an entirely new method.

IN HOLLAND—AND FREE!

THE building at the mine where we changed clothes before and after work was equipped with a bathroom in one corner, with a window with one iron bar intersecting. Outside the window was a bush and beyond that open country. A sentry was always posted outside the building, but he had three sides to watch and we knew that, if we could only move that bar, we could manage to elude the sentry. So we started to work on the bar.

I had found a bit of wire which I kept secreted about me and every night, after washing up, we would dig for a few minutes at the brickwork around the bar. It was slow, tedious and disappointing work. Gradually, however, we

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scooped the brick out around the bar and after nearly four months' steady application we had it so loosened that a sharp tug would pull it out.

The next day Masters and I were the last in the bath-room, and when the sentry's round had taken him to the other side of the building, we wrenched out the bar, raised the window and wriggled through head first, breaking our fall in the bush outside. We got through without attracting attention and ran across the country into a swamp, where we soon lost our way and wallowed around all night up to our knees in the bog, suffering severely from the cold and damp. Early in our flight the report of a gun from the camp warned us that our absence had been discovered. Our adventure in the swamp saved us from capture, for the roads were patrolled by cavalry that night.

We found our way out of the swamp near morning, emerging on the western side. By the sale of more soap to miners we had acquired another map and a compass, so we had little difficulty in determining our whereabouts and settling our course for the border. For food we had each brought along ten biscuits, the result of several weeks' hoarding. A biscuit is a hard and almost tasteless substance, but containing certain nutritious qualities. We had half a pound of food apiece and eighty-five miles to go!

That day we stayed on the edge of the swamp, never stirring for a moment from the shelter of a clump of bushes. One slept while the other watched. No one came near us and we heard no signs of our pursuers. Night came on most mercifully dark and we struck out along the roads at a smart clip.

We traveled all night, making probably twenty-five miles. It was necessary, we knew, to make the most of our strength in the earlier stages of the dash. As our food gave out we would be less capable of covering the ground. So we spurred ourselves on to renewed effort and ate the miles up in a sort of frenzy.

This kept up for four days and nights. We kept going as hard as our waning strength would permit and we were

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cautious in the extreme. Even at that we had many narrow escapes.

Our greatest difficulty was when we struck the Lippe River. Our first plan was to swim across, but we found that we had not the strength left for this feat. We lost a day as a result. The second night we found a scow tied up along the bank and got across that way.

By this time we were slowly starving on our feet, we were wet through continuously, and such sleep as we got was broken and fitful. Before we had been four days out we were reduced to gaunt, tattered, dirty scarecrows. We staggered as we walked and sometimes one of us would drop on the road through sheer weakness. Through it all we kept up our frenzy for speed and it was surprising how much ground we forced ourselves to cover in a night. And, no matter how much the pangs of hunger gnawed at us, we conserved our fast dwindling supply of biscuit. Less than two biscuits a day was our limit!

Finally we reached a point that I recognized from my previous attempt to escape. It was about four miles from the border. We had two biscuits left between us. The next day we feasted royally and extravagantly on those two biscuits. No longer did we need to hoard our supplies, for the next night would tell the tale.

By the greatest good fortune night came on dark and cloudy. Not a star showed in the sky. We crawled cautiously and painfully toward the border. At every sound we stopped and flattened out. Twice we saw sentries close at hand, but both times we got by safely. Finally we reached what we judged must be the last line of sentries. We had crawled across a ploughed field and reached a road lined on both sides with trees where sentries were passing up and down.

"It's the border!" we whispered.

When the nearest sentry had reached the far end of his beat we doubled up like jack-knives and dashed across that road, plunging through the trees on the other side. Not a sound came from the sentries. We struck across fields with

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delirious speed, we reeled along like drunken men, laughing and gasping and sometimes reaching out for a mutual hand-shake.

Then we got a final scare. Marching up the road toward us was what looked like a white sheet. Our nerves were badly shattered, and that moving thing froze my blood, but it was a scare of brief duration. The sheet soon resolved itself into two girls in white dresses, walking up the road with a man. We scurried to the side of the road as soon as we made them out. Then I decided to test the matter of our whereabouts and stepped out to accost them.

"Have you a match?" I asked in German.

The man did not understand me!

We were in Holland—*and free!*

OBSERVATIONS OF EPICTETUS, JR.

By LEWIS ALLEN

JUST as soon as you get rich enough to tell your boss what you think of him, some other chap is wishing he were rich enough to tell you what he thinks of you.

A short answer turneth away profits.

There's no satisfaction in loafing all day unless you ought to be working.

Some men steal outright, others have the borrowing habit.

The car of Success is made up of Ambition—the tonneau; and Hustle—the motor. If you want to ride you know what you've got to do.

The secret of getting rich on a small income may be told in one word—"thrift."

If prohibition is defeated it will be on sober second thought.

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SEX EMANCIPATION THROUGH WAR

By MARY AUSTIN

THE Day the Most American writer came home from the front, I asked him what he thought it would all come to.

"Well," he hesitated, "I don't know that I can tell you until I have been home and talked it over with my wife."

"If you have to do that," I insisted, "talk it over with your wife, I mean, then I know what you think."

"I guess you do," he soberly agreed, and when we had talked it over between us, that proved to be the case.

What this war will come to is the thing the world has needed more than anything else, more than Religion, though it will help to bring religion back; more than Democracy, though it is in its way a democratic phase; more than Civilization, though there can be no civilization without it. It will come to sex emancipation. It is so certain to come to this that it is probably perfectly safe to say that the war will not end until we are emancipated from sex, and anything we can accomplish toward that emancipation will have its share in bringing the war to an end.

Notice I say WE. We are in the habit of thinking that it is women only who are in need of sex emancipation. As a matter of fact, it is only women who are clever enough to know that they need it. Men are so wrapped and swaddled and tied into their sex that most of them don't know yet that this is not the natural order of things. They think that the political world is a male place into which women have broken by a not wholly fortunate accident, within which they can only stay by becoming in some fantastic way *un*womanly, *un*-sexed. They—the men—are so gorged and saturated with sex, as sex may be expressed in social conditions, that they

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think of this war as cataclysmic, made in Germany or in Hell, or anywhere except where it actually is, in the very center of male consciousness, and made there only by virtue of our not being able to see it as an exhibition of masculinity run amuck.

A DEFINITION OF SEX

GET it out of your mind for a moment that sex is a function. Sex is the organizing centre of personality. It is probably the chief difference between a man and a ghost. It is the whole round of the personal complex, with the machinery for perpetuation attached. For man it involves self-expression, combativeness, paternity, protectiveness; for woman, self-immolation, maternity, fostering.

Not to have all of these in some degree is to be undersexed; to have any one of them in excess is to be in need of sex emancipation. Judge for yourself what nations of the earth are at this moment most in need of it.

The world is really a very feminine place, a mother's place, conceptive, brooding, nourishing; a place of infinite patience and infinite elusiveness. It needs to be lived in more or less femininely, and the chief reason why we have never succeeded in being quite at home in it is that our method has been almost exclusively masculine. We have assaulted the earth, ripped out the treasure of its mines, cut down its forests, deflowered its fields and left them sterile for a thousand years. We have lived precisely on the same terms with our fellows, combatively, competitively, egocentrically. Nations have not struggled to make the world a better place, but only to make a more advantageous place in it for themselves. Man invented the State in the key of maleness, with combat for its major occupation, profit the spur and power the prize. This is the pattern of our politics, our economic and our international life, a pattern built not on common *human* traits of human kind, but on dominant sex traits of the male half of society. It is even marked, in certain quarters of the earth, with intrinsic male weaknesses, the strut, the flourish, the chip-on-its-shoulder, the greed of

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exclusive possessions, the mastery of the seas, the control of world finance.

THREE PET SEX SUPERSTITIONS

THERE is no particular reason why the world should be lived in this fashion; no reason in intelligence, I mean, no logical compulsion. Other and more comfortable patterns have often been devised, but the things that tie us to the present are the things that clearly prove the first proposition; —that this war is war for sex emancipation. For we are tied to this androcentric pattern by three pet sex superstitions:

First, the superstition that the work a human being may do in the world is determined by sex.

Second, that the social value of a woman is established by what some man thinks of her.

Finally, that the man alone must "support" the family.

A superstition is a belief persisted in after it has lost all foundation in experience. Even before the war we were beginning to suspect the footlessness of the old idea that Divine Providence had marked out women from the beginning for not more than two or three occupations. The war has come in time to save us endless agonies of doubt and discussion as to whether women have strength enough, or brains enough, for the four hundred and fifty-seven callings which war has added to those already open to women.

We have had so many other tremendous things to think of that many of us have missed the significance of this wholesale, bloodless overthrow of a five-thousand-year-old superstition. When you think what it cost to rid a small portion of the world of the superstition of idol worship, or of hearsay, what tortures and burnings and riving of families, this sudden reversal of ideas about work and women is one of the wonders of civilization.

The basic prejudice against women in the world's work has not been so much against their working as against the conditions of credit and wages. Wherever they could work

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in the obscurity of their own homes or of social unimportance, dull and heavy labors requiring little more than brute strength for their accomplishment actually are performed by women in Europe, and to some extent in America. Cooking for sixteen hay hands in a Mississippi Valley in August is not any more a ladylike occupation than harvesting the hay in Belgium.

CAMOUFLAGE ABOUT WOMAN'S INTELLECTUAL ACHIEVEMENT

AND there has always been a great deal of camouflage about woman's intellectual achievement. When I was last in England I became very well acquainted with a woman whose business it was to furnish speeches for M. P.'s. She collected statistics and historical instances, suggested illustrative anecdotes, figures and apt comparisons. But she used to turn them over typewritten in such a way that, with a good conscience, the M. P. could call them "notes," in deference to the British superstition of male superiority, without which she could never have kept her job. I was also told in France that M. Curie's was not the only laboratory in which the scientific research was done by women, though it was the only one in which the woman scientist had acknowledgment. Things of this kind must have been true to a much greater extent than is generally imagined. Otherwise it would not have been possible for France and England to keep up their advance step on substitute labor, of a kind that was believed, and had believed itself, intrinsically impossible.

The truth is that we have never had any idea how sex-ridden industry is. The first great emancipator was the man who invented the press-the-button method. With the introduction of electrical and other labor-saving devices, human brawn as an element of factory production has been made to take a place second to woman's native faculty for concentrating her attention in seven different directions at once.

The most significant thing that F. R. Still found to report of British labor since the war, was that "in no place was there the lugging, tugging, lifting, pushing, pounding or

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mauling" which he had formerly seen. For a great majority of operations required in munition factories, physical strength, thought indispensible so long as the factories were run by men for men, had been superceded by cranes, levers, trolleys and the like contrivances for utilizing woman's nimbleness and rapidity. The same sort of statement is made by a Chicago manager with five hundred women employees. He says: "Female labor, properly conditioned, is a benefit to the entire shop," and goes on to explain that the necessity of fitting the work to the more delicate female mechanism has led to many improvements in processes and routing and turnovers. In other words, under modern conditions it turns out that the superstition of man's superior strength has clogged the wheels of industry. Men have put more physical force into industry than was necessary, simply because they had it to spend. Labor has used itself up in the interest of a sex distinction for which there is very little call or occasion.

Doubtless, the moment the end of the war is in sight there will be all sorts of hospitals set up for the rehabilitation of disabled social prejudices, but it is impossible to think that there will ever be a return to the "lugging and tugging."

INDUSTRY KEYED TO MAN'S RHYTHM

ONE of the most interesting examples of the emancipation of industry from the waste of sex prejudice, comes from Ohio, where it was discovered that woman's instinctive fear of machinery could be turned to account. In an emergency women were put to the management of overhead cranes, these vast and clanking mechanisms which turn the beholder dizzy with their impersonal implacability. Very shortly it was found that the number of accidents was lessened, fewer risks were taken. Just how many lives annually are sacrificed to the male fetish of risk-taking it would be difficult to say. It is quite enough for our purpose to know that the woman operator is sufficiently afraid of the mechanism she handles not to be afraid to stop the machinery when there is a question of risk.

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Most interesting of all the revelations made by studies in industrial efficiency of women is the one which relates to the periodic interruption of woman's energy. This has always been a stumbling block for the most enthusiastic advocate of women in industry.

Nobody is so stupid nowadays as not to know that the nation will eventually be the loser in any attempt to disregard and override the potential motherhood of its women. But all our efforts to deal with this factor have been very stupidly based on the notion that man is the norm, and any variation which woman exhibits is a disability. Even in factories where efficiency in production is attained by alternate periods of rest and activity, the whole business has been keyed to man's rhythm. Nobody knows just who first discovered that woman's rhythm was not less effectual, but simply different. I first saw it exemplified in a factory where women were testing steel balls for ball-bearing.

The test was the sense of touch, of the *back* of the hand, if you please, as being more sensitive than the inner surface.

The efficient manager had discovered that better results were attained if the alternation of touch and rest, touch and rest, went to a kind of tune; one, two, *rest,* one, two, three, *rest.*

That is the germ of the discovery that the chief reason why women fag earlier than men in many kinds of factory work, is that all our factories are speeded and set for men, who seem to get along perfectly on a steady, work, *rest,* work, *rest,* alternation. Change the rhythm of the work to one better suited to the age and sex of the operative, and the output will rise directly.

MAN MORE TIMID AT THE UNTRIED THAN WOMAN

SIMILAR discoveries are being made as to the intellectual fitness of women for work that has always been supposed to belong to men. There are probably ineradicable differences between the aptitudes of men and women, but the war has done much to demonstrate that they are not the tra-

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ditional distinctions of superior and inferior. There is no difference in the *kind* of aptitude required for handling a telephone switchboard, which is universally conceded to women, and train dispatching, or the work of the "tower women," which railroads are finding it possible to employ.

The difference is one of *quality,* of being able to produce a steady quality of attention for given periods. In other words, it is not so much brains as nervous stability that is required.

Women themselves have always known that "nervousness" in women is not a sex trait. As much of it as is not deliberately produced "for the trade,"—since men thinking about women have liked to think of them as timorous—has been the result of woman's forced living in a world which she is permitted to know very little about. Man himself was "nervous" when the world was comparatively an unknown place, likely to see ghosts, hear voices or be frightened into fits by the unexplainable. He is to this day more timid of the untried than woman. That nervous instability in women is part of our camouflage of sex, is shown by the report of the British Health Department, which demonstrates that with all their sorrow and strain, and in spite of their unaccustomed labors—perhaps because of them—the health of the English women has improved during the war. That means that their capacity for work involving nervous tension and responsibility has increased with the demand upon it.

But the nature of many employments thrust into women's hands by the war, has revealed still more the waste of our sex obsession. We move now in the neighborhood of subtle forces, X-rays, Hertzian waves, radioactivity, chemical reaction,—a region in which woman's finer sensibility becomes something more than a substitute instrument. For many such delicate adjustments women are indispensable. It begins to appear that by the exclusive use of maleness we have been trying to dissect our way to the secret of the universe with a spade instead of a scalpel. And right here we are afoul of the oldest, least reasonable of our sex superstitions.

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There is no history of the development of the idea that a woman has no value to society except that which man gives her, as the object of his desire and the mother of his children. Like Topsy, it simply "growed" out of man's nature. Men sacrifice themselves to womanhood, its racial function; they sacrifice themselves and the world to their love for a particular woman. But whoever heard of a man putting himself aside because the world needed some woman's gift for architecture, or biology, or sociology, more than it needed *his* contribution. Men have never hesitated to take a woman out of society and insist that every gift, every possible contribution of hers to general human welfare shall be excised, aborted, done with. That is probably why we have to have wars occasionally, and a desperate need of those woman gifts to teach us the crime of such social waste.

THE EFFECT OF THE UNIFORM ON GIRLS

THE obsession of the personal in men's customary ways of thinking about women shows in ways little suspected by the men themselves. A Chicago manager of five hundred young women says that he has found uniforming the girls has proved a help in "securing their modesty," and the increased respect of the men workers "not in a moral way," he explains, "but in the mental attitude." What he means is that the uniform enables the men to think of girls not as "the girls," but as workers. A member of the National Council of Defense expressed something of the same thing to me recently. We were talking of women's part in the war, which I thought inadequate.

"But," said he, puzzled, "what work *can* women do in the war?"

"Well, there are eight million or so in the industries—" I reminded him.

"Oh! you mean labor!"

What *he* meant was that those eight or ten million women had, for him, escaped the category of sex. They had been emancipated into labor. When he thought of them as

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women they were unimportant to the war, but as labor they were indispensable. I should say that three years of this war have set that type of sex emancipation at least a hundred years forward.

At one of these informal conferences of women which nobody ever hears about, but have much to do with determining our place among the nations, we were told of the efforts being made to overcome the industrial prejudice against mature age in women workers.

WOMAN'S PERIOD OF INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY

IT seems that women wage workers go into the discard at thirty-five, ten years younger than men workers, twenty or thirty years younger than professional women. The speaker told how the women begin to break at thirty, after years of speeding up and inadequate feeding and with the fear of dismissal hanging over them, succumb in a few years. She told what was being done to restore the working capacity of those women, their confidence in themselves and hope for the future. "But that," she said, "is only half the story."

"And the other half," we insisted.

Well, the other half proved to be the half-conscious sex prejudice of managers and foremen; the desire to surround themselves with the freshness of youth and youth's flattering docility, unwillingness to pay to older women the deference of experience, undue valuation of the quality of "pep," vague resentment toward wage earning married women, and the dullness of perception exhibited by men generally toward women who make no sex appeal. And naturally the employment of girls leads to the work all being routed and speeded to young rhythm, to the consequent disadvantage of the mature worker.

Some of the freedom gained by this war will have to be surrendered at the end of it, but I think in calculating the returns of peace we underestimate two of the psychological factors. We underestimate the dramatizing effect of war

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work and the power of the drama to raise the plain of performance. The failure of chivalry between the sexes has been one of the terrors waved by the anti-feminists over every advance of sex emancipation, the fear that women doing work formerly done by men can not claim the feminine exemption. This has always been rather a stupid fear, because it assumes that the attention of chivalry is paid to an attitude, a posture of femininity rather than to a fact. But even where this is the case, the glamor of war adds a touch of heroism to the woman taking a man's place which seems to penetrate even the dullest maleness.

DEFERENCE TO GIRLS IN INDUSTRY

NOTHING less favorable to fitness could be thought of than the subway rush-hour crowd. If such a crowd chose to demand of a young woman guard the physical capacity of a man, the young woman would be down and out in the first round.

But a finer democracy waking in the American spirit makes no such demand upon her; chivalry forbears to require her to fight with a weapon which she has not. To see a homecoming crowd defer to a girl conductor because they know that she can't do anything to them is the nicest thing that has happened in America since the war. It would be, if any Prussian could see and understand it, the best guarantee that America knows exactly what she means when she talks about keeping the world safe for Democracy. It means that Americans do not take advantage just because they think they are strong enough to get away with it.

The other force which we underestimate is the effect of the war on men, who through its adventures are released to fundamental male activities.

There seem to be at least three things that men universally and in the nature of things do better than women: exploration of the physical world, invention and poetry. Man is the perpetual adventurer, who by a long process of stupidity has been made over into a kind of social hermaphrodite,

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a male-mother, whose sole duty and occupation it is to trot back and forth between his job and his offspring with the expected morsel.

Vast numbers of men have been unsexed in this fashion to such a degree that only a war will pry them loose from it. They dare not adventure, do not know how to invent, and are ashamed to sing. If they have moments of rebellion against their fate they cloak it with the duty of "supporting the family" and salve the hurt with the vanity of being the Distributor of Benefits.

Being in this unsexed and inferior state, they require continually to be kept up to their work by large doses of flattery, "inspired," they call it. But no man who is leading a full masculine life needs to be chucked up for it.

Now, there never was any reason in nature or logic why the man should be the sole support of his wife and children; it is just one of those things which has grown up out of the strange human impulse to associate habit with propriety. The natural duty of the individual is to contribute all that is in him to society, and to see that society gives back enough to provide for his offspring. It is utterly unimportant how or through which parent the provision comes. A lot of men are only going to learn this through the adventure of war releasing the mainspring of masculinity. Thousands of desk men and counter men are going to be raised by this war to something like their original male aptitude and capacity. And that is one of the things which is going to make it possible for many of them to accept the idea of their wives in their old jobs. The men aren't going to need a lot of those jobs back; never again. They are going to want something more their size, something more male than ribbon selling or bookkeeping.

You hear the awakened adventurousness of men discussed as one of the hazards of war. It is one of war's advantages. The periods of invention and enterprise which follow on war are due to the new alignment of sex normalities, more women released to conserving, nourishing labors; more men freed to break new ground.

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SEX MASTERY, NOT SEX MYSTERY, NEEDED

OF course these gains in the emancipation of industry from sex will have to be consolidated with mastery over some other phases of the relation of men and women. The stability of woman's hold on the work of the world depends on her control of the liability to child-bearing. Maternity must be voluntary; it must not lie forever a hideous uncertainty, to leap out upon her from her most sacred moments. Love must no more threaten with disease and disaster. There must be no more mystery about sex if there is to be mastery.

Toward this the war has helped prodigiously by lifting the taboo on sex intelligence. For the first time Europe has faced the cost in man-power of the Social Evil, it has faced the iniquity of the reproach of illigetimacy. At the end of the war the whole world will have to face the normal demand of women for marriage and children in a world depleted of marriageable men. It is too early to say how that demand will be met.

But it is not too early to say that if that problem forces us at last to look squarely and without superstition at the problem of marriage, it will be worth the cost in husband and children. Governments of the world must prepare themselves, not necessarily to have their women demanding marriage of some sort, but certainly demanding a rational basis for whatever decision is finally reached. If we can never be wholly emancipated from the facts of sex, we can at least emancipate our way of dealing with it.

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WANTED—THE WOMAN'S LAND ARMY!

By MRS. HENRY WADE ROGERS

[CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WOMAN'S LAND ARMY OF AMERICA]

THE Woman's Land Army of America is a patriotic enlistment of women who have heard the war cry of the Nation and are responding. When the plans for this National organization were made I received the following letter from the President:

To the Executive Committee of the Woman's Land Army, Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers, Chairman:

MY DEAR MRS. ROGERS:

I am gratified to hear of the plan of the Woman's Land Army, to help increase the food supply of our country and the Allies through enrolling active and patriotic young women in self-sustaining groups or units to aid in cultivating crops where the farmers have need of them. I trust that our farmers, like the farmers of Great Britain and Canada, will avail themselves of this aid to the fullest extent practicable, and that the response of our local young women to this need, wherever it exists, will be generous and complete.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

The President's support of any patriotic effort is always an assurance of its success, but the surprising feature of this success is the value which women have shown as farm workers. The woman of tradition, whose domestic obligations prevented her from any wider interests, is fast disappearing. The New Woman, however, is not the exaggerated figure in world affairs that she was represented to be a few years ago. In all industries which have been enormously enlarged by our war needs women have replaced 1,413,000 men since 1914, and they have made good in the grinding toil

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of an eight or nine-hour day in the distractions of great factories. The Bureau of Labor Statistics announced an increase of 1,426,000 women employed since 1914, with the greater increase in the war industries, which took 530,000 women.

These facts in the cold light of figures make interesting speculation for the old-fashioned psychologist whose faith in the emotions of women, more than in the practical efficiency of women, has unfairly deprived them of their enormous economic value. We can no longer reckon without the woman in any great event of National importance. In Europe she has shattered all traditions, she has said to the man that she is as clever, as willing, as brave, as patriotic as he is. She has told him that she will share equally his responsibilities, she has proven that she is a builder in the great world hope of Democracy.

In 1917, 35,000 farm laborers were called out of New York State alone. A much greater decrease for 1918 is certain. This great labor shortage, occurring proportionately in twenty-two states, seemed to open up a great field of occupation very suitable for women. There are large numbers of women in every great city in the United States who struggle through the hot summer months in stifling tenements, who are compelled to work in crowded factories, discouraged with the conditions under which they are forced to earn wages. Many of these women are physically strong, many of them have come from foreign countries, where they have been used to working on the land. To these women enlistment in the Woman's Land Army of America means freedom of mind and body. The office workers, the woman teachers, students, who have a more or less extended plan for vacation, form a considerable part of the Land Army service. Instead of going to summer schools, to summer boarding-houses and summer resorts, many of these have seen the advantage of work on the farm. The interest which this latter class of young women have shown in the purposes of the Woman's Land Army of America has not been a fad or sentimental fancy. It has been demonstrated by the Women's Agricultural Camp

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in Bedford, New York, that the intellectual type of young women is the most serviceable in farm labor.

The Woman's Land Army of America came into being through the energy and foresight of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, an organization with a very large membership made up from garden clubs in all parts of the United States. Its members included well known women who are owners and successful managers of their own farms, who, from knowledge gained from experience, understand the needs of farm labor. Women understand women, appreciate what their practical abilities are, and therefore this organization works out a very definite plan for women who are free to enroll for work on the land. This work appeals to all women as a patriotic service.

Farming is the greatest gamble in the world. The stakes are large, and you may lose little or much in a season, as every farmer knows. The profits are moderate, even under the best conditions, obtainable at great expense of forethought and labor. The chief essential on the farm is labor which has brought up the vital question—can farmers under present conditions grow enough food for our home needs and the needs of our soldiers and Allies?

No matter how much patriotic duty may inspire the farmer, nor how great the reward for abundant crops in 1918, the farmer is helpless if deprived of competent labor. Machinery has increased the output and decreased the labor per acre, but the actual number of laborers needed on farms has increased as the acreage of the farms themselves. There is still the inevitable fact that a large part of farm work must be accomplished with hand labor.

It will be necessary to enlarge the acreage which should be planted for 1918. Greater crops must be ensured if America is to meet the urgent demands made upon her for food. The handicap is the shortage of farm labor.

How can the needs of the farmer be met?

Patriotic women of the country are answering by enlisting in the Woman's Land Army of America, pledging themselves to work on the farm in any capacity in which the

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farmers will consent to employ them. The farmer's attitude towards the woman worker on his farm has been largely overcome. He was in doubt whether women workers were practical farm laborers. It has been demonstrated that their intelligence, their interest and loyalty in the work is as great as that of men. They become expert in the more skillful requirements of farm labor.

The Women's Agricultural Camp at Bedford, New York, is perhaps one of the best examples of the practical and simple plan under which the Executive Committee and Advisory Council are directing the work of the Woman's Land Army. It was a war emergency enterprise founded by Mrs. Charles W. Short, Jr., who implanted in it three fundamental ideas: that all kinds of agricultural labor could and should be done by women; that help should be given to owners of existing farms rather than the putting of new land under cultivation; that the women who are to do this work must be comfortably housed, adequately paid, and their hours of labor controlled. The girls lived in a central camp, from which they were taken in automobiles to the farms where they were wanted. They worked on the farms eight hours a day, the camp management being responsible for their wages and living conditions. In addition to the eight-hour day, certain tasks, such as milking, were done at home by different girls in turn. They worked on the farms in squads of six or eight girls, each squad having a captain, whose duty it was to see that her group did the required amount of work. The wages were $15 a month. The farmers paid the camp $2.00 a day, or 25 cents an hour, for the girls' work. No charge was made for transportation of the girls to the nearby farms; for long distances a nominal transportation charge was made. Two dollars a day was calculated on the basis of what was regarded as a normal wage for men in farm labor.

The camp opened formally on June 4th, 1917, with 24 women farm hands. The intention was to plant a farm of their own as part of a training discipline. The demand for women workers on farms grew so rapidly, however, that in July the girls began regular employment. Ninety-nine em-

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ployers were served, seventeen farmers, forty-six large estates and modern farms, thirty-four small home gardens, two Community and Public gardens.

Men's blue overalls and a blue work shirt were adopted as a camp uniform. Long trousers of stout material are essential where work in rough places is to be done; where there is kneeling, as in weeding, any form of shirt or tunic is too much in the way. To a conservative neighborhood this costume was somewhat startling at first, but they soon got used to it. Cotton gloves, shade hats, and stout shoes completed the costume, all except the shoes being furnished by the camp without charge to the workers. The cars used for transportation of these girls were loaned by their owners and driven by women chauffeurs.

The "unit" system which prevailed at this camp is the plan decided upon for all divisions of the Woman's Land Army in the states where it is now operating. What was at first a problem, then an experiment, now promises fully to justify the ambitions of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Land Army of America. Three important facts have been established:

1.—Women by volunteering for agricultural work in considerable numbers proved that they felt the appeal made to their patriotism.

2.—They proved, by actually doing it, that they could do farm work. They performed satisfactorily every kind of agricultural work, including dairying. Farmers said that they made up for their comparative lack of physical strength by their greater quickness and conscientiousness. Even untrained city-bred women worked efficiently under supervision. Their work and the spirit in which it was done won praise from their employers.

3.—They proved, by actually gaining in health while at work, that the hard labor was physically beneficial rather than detrimental.

These three demonstrated facts point to one solution of the farmers' chief problem—his labor shortage.

The employment of women on farms is no new thing. For generations they have raised and harvested the crops of Europe. Since the outbreak of the war French, English and Canadian women, who by race and educational traits strongly

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resemble the American women, have been successful in all branches of agricultural work.

In England the women are doing by hand, and with heaviest machinery, plowing, sowing, hoeing, harvesting, hay and straw baleing, hedging and ditching, all forms of orchard work and market gardening, all forms of dairy work and stock work, plantation labor and forestry, shepherding, and the driving of heavy motor tractors and motor transport wagons that carry the produce to market. They are acting as teamsters, which includes stable work and the rearing of young horses; they are acting also as nurserymen and seedsmen, as peat cutters and as poultry farmers.

A quarter of a million women work upon England's farms. The daughters of nearly every county family in England have taken up work on their own farm lands, side by side with the village agricultural laborers. Titled women work in the dairy farms and in the stables. England has recognized a small official Land Army of women—about 7,000. This army was trained, equipped and paid, and is maintained by the Government.

In British Columbia and Ontario there was great need of women as fruit pickers in the summer of 1917, and 1,500 girls went to work on the different farms, in groups, with chaperons. One fruit farmer employed 300 girls at a time in the raspberry season. The farmers provided sleeping accommodations and a cook stove, but the girls had to prepare their own meals. They wore overalls and were paid by the crate or pound.

Vassar College owns a farm of 740 acres, and an appeal was made to the students to make up for the shortage of labor. These girls worked on an average of eight hours a day for two months, for 17½ cents an hour. They worked from 4:30 A. M. to 6:30 A. M., four hours after breakfast and from two to four hours in the afternoon. It was a very happy summer for the Vassar "farmerettes."

The enrollment of girls in the Woman's Land Army of America is made under a physician's certificate. No woman should be enrolled in the unit unless she is pronounced physi-

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cally fit. No woman can enlist in the Woman's Land Army of America for a period of less than three weeks.

What types of women are available for farm work?

The best answer to this question is by reference to the services already accomplished. There have been very many sorts, from college graduates to factory workers, skilled and unskilled. A group of trades' union girls, from the "seasonal trades," organized into a self-governing unit, was one of the most successful. The most promising class of useful farm workers can be secured from the groups of women having long summer vacations, such as college students and school teachers, and those women employed in business which is slack in the summer months. The girls should be recruited from the homes, the colleges, the factories, the business houses, the department stores.

A time-schedule for any unit camp of course depends upon local requirements as to hours, but a practical schedule might be as follows:

5:00 A.M.—Cook gets up.
5:30 A. M.—Rising bell.
6:00 A. M.—Breakfast.
6:20 A. M.—Make beds.
6:25 A. M.—Squad captains get luncheons from kitchen.
6:30 A. M.—First cars start.
7:00 A. M.—Later loads start.
12:30 —Lunch for those at home.
5:00—6:30—Cars return.
6:45—Supper.
Evening.—Supervisor receives reports of squad leaders and posts schedule of work for next day. Kitchen staff prepares lunches for next day. Recreation for workers.
9:30—Quiet.

The Unit Plan is the organization of women into groups to live together in communities and go from these centers to work on neighboring farms. This plan encourages a groul spirit, satisfies the social needs of the women workers and relieves the farmer's wife of all bother and responsibility.

It is idle to say that women cannot do farm work, when it is known that they actually have done it. The great question for the farmer and for the world is not what women can do, but what they will do. The farmers who employed women

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last year have testified to the excellent and conscientious work they did, and are anxious to employ them again for 1918.

It is simply a question of whether the farmer will call loudly for a supply of this new labor offered him or will hesitate and let the golden opportunity for sowing and reaping go by, and thus endanger our National food supply.

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WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT

By HAROLD COOK

TAPS,
Slow and beautiful,
Sounding faintly through distant corridors,
Nearer, now, the last long note
Directly over my cot.
Echoes, trembling, vibrating
Against the stone walls of the distant drill shed.

The lights go out
With low cursings from a late man
Making his bed up in the dark.
Bantering, noisy cries,
" Get under, Mac."
Or " That will keep, won't it?"
Some one singing,
She's the lass for me,
She is, yes she is, she's the lass for me.

Laughter, the rattle of a mess kit,
And then tired bodies relaxing
With heavy breathing,
Exhaustion after ten miles of cross-country.

The slow pacing of the guard,
And the sound of doors closing in distant rooms.

But always over all,
Over all,
The thought of you
Lighting the candles in our room
And the bright reflection that the stars make
In your lonely eyes
As you lean across the window sill
To gaze upon the starlit summits of the distant mountains.

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NEW BOOKS

By CHARLES FRANCIS REED

NO book that has been written regarding conditions existing in Central Europe carries more detail or conviction than "The Iron Ration."* George Abel Schreiner, by whose pen the narrative was written, is a thorough newspaper man. Until a year ago he was the representative of the American Associated Press in Europe, and as never before, this present conflict has shown us that the newspaper men of this age are the true chroniclers of history. Certainly, Mr. Schreiner has written a straightforward book, written not from some hearsay, but from observation, for his three years' work carried him to all quarters of Central Europe, and he made it his duty to get very close to the people, always questioning them, always trying to get both sides of every story.

Being published at this time, "The Iron Ration" should make a splendid text book for Americans and incidentally it may serve as a warning. We, too, may sink to the depths reached by the people of Germany and Austria-Hungary—the food card, the lax morality, the men at the front and the women trying to keep the food production at the normal point and failing. Mr. Schreiner first went to Berlin when the war was two months old, and as he glanced from his menu card to the sign on the wall, asking patrons to "Save the Food," he was told by the waiter that no one paid any attention to the notice. No so many months later the food regulations were so strictly enforced as to place the people on rations close to those existing in times of famine.

Food, from the standpoint of production, waste, rationing, etc., might be termed the chief topic of this book. The volume takes its name, by the way, from the fact that the food allotment carried in the pack of the German soldier

* "The Iron Ration," by George Abel Schreiner. Harper & Bros. $2.00 net.

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when he is in the field is called the Iron Ration. This can be eaten only when the commanding officer deems it necessary—and that is when the men are exhausted, famished. The simile is instantly understood as the book is read, for when this book was completed (January, 1918) Germany was pinched for food, and the great Russian wheat fields were not available.

Some very striking chapters are on the normal standards now existing in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The book, as a whole, serves to dispel many of the wild rumors that have been spread regarding conditions in Germany. Myths vanish before practical solutions of how and why absurd stories started. The last chapter, which the author has called "The Aftermath," is a brilliantly written forecast of some events that are bound to occur. As for the German people, to whose awakening so many of us look for peace, he says:

"Liberal government is bound to come for Germany from the war. There can be no question of a change in the form of government, however. Those who believe that the Germans would undertake a revolution in favor of the republican form of government know as little of Germany as they know of the population said to be on Mars. The German has a monarchical mind. His family is run on that principle. The husband and father is the lord of the household—*Der Herr im Hause.* Just as the lord of the family household will have less to say in the future, so will the lord of the state household have less to say in the years to come. There will be more co-operation between man and women in the German household in the future and the same will take place in the state family. The government will have to learn that he is best qualified to rule who must apply the least effort in ruling—that he can best command who knows best how to obey.

"This is the handwriting on the wall in Germany today. A large class is still blind to the '*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,*' but that class must either mend its way or go down in defeat. The German at the front has ceased to think

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himself the tool of the government. He is willing to be an instrument of authority so long as that authority represents not a wholly selfish and self-sufficient caste. . . .

"I must make reference here to the fact that even the German socialists are no longer great admirers of the republican form of government. Of the many of their leaders whom I have met, not a single one was in favor of the republic."

There is only one drawback in reviewing war books, and that is that if the book is well presented one wishes to read it slowly, going back time after time to reread some paragraph, occasionally putting down the volume to look up some reference or perhaps follow the conclusions made by the author in the light of events that have occurred since the book went to press.

A New Book on New Russia

A volume over which I lingered is "Donald Thompson in Russia."* Mr. Thompson is a photographer, a young fellow who has gained considerable reputation through his pictures. In his introduction he gives a brief sketch of his career, and it reads as a fairy tale. He went to Europe a few days after the outbreak of the war on sheer "nerve," that is, he pawned most of his possessions, bought a camera and a steamship ticket. Once he landed in Europe his American "push" did not desert him, and the incident in which he describes his meeting with King Albert of Belgium is as interesting as any of his Russian experiences.

The main portion of the volume, however, is, as the title tells, devoted to Russia. Mr. Thompson, as one or two other writers of truly successful narratives of the war, wrote the original draft of his book in the form of daily letters to his wife and without any thought of having his conclusions read by a national audience. Perhaps that is why they are so realistic, for certainly even his shortest notes carry with them a conviction which is sometimes lacking in war narratives.

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*"Donald Thompson in Russia." The Century Co. $2.00 net.

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Equally interesting with Mr. Thompson's text are the photographs chosen to illustrate his book. He has evidently chosen from the great mass of material he obtained those he felt of greatest permanent value—and certainly they are not the ordinary Russian photographs which have been appearing at random in the columns of our daily press.

Donald Thompson's Russian adventures are as amazing as any fiction ever written and make the best of reading.

Another book, one of the most serious import, and one that will surely take a permanent place among the chronicles of the war, is Roland G. Usher's "The Winning of the War."* This book, which is a sequel to Professor Usher's "Pan-Germanism," is quite as fine a piece of work as the previous volume. One is struck by the absolute spirit of optimism, the lack of any question of who will control the ultimate victory. The volume opens with a concise description of the new Pan-Germanism, and once Professor Usher has described this new political machine he analyzes its objectives, also the objectives and failures of the Allies. His chapters on Utilizing the Russian Revolution, and, later on, The Heavy Cost of Optimism, are revealing, and as one goes carefully through the book the conclusion which is advanced in the introduction, that only through a great military victory can the war be won, is firmly established.

"The Winning of the War" is a great book, one that will be read by thinkers and be of lasting value.

Coningsby Dawson, who used to write best selling novels, good short stories, and who published at least one volume of verse, has developed into one of the best of the "war writers." His "Carry On" letters were admirable, and his new book, "The Glory of the Trenches,"† is one of the most vital of the newer narratives which have the world conflict for a background.

The book was started in a London hospital and is largely

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* "The Winning of the War," by Roland G. Usher. Harper & Bros. $2.00 net.

† "The Glory of the Trenches," by Coningsby Dawson. John Lane Co. $1.00 net.

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reminiscent of the author's career under fire. Not that Lieutenant Dawson has filled his short book with material that is familiar, for in being reminiscent he has slipped away from the charge and into the minds of the men and women about him. The book is almost a collection of pen sketches—portraits of men and women and what they said.

The true value of the book, the part that will be most gripping to the majority of readers, is the third section, which is captioned "God as We See Him." It is a study of the religion of the trenches—a careful analysis as to the religious emotions and convictions of the men who wait hour after hour for the moment which may bring them face to face with their Maker. He quotes the songs of the men and tells of their humors. In his concluding paragraph Lieutenant Dawson sums up the religion and glory of the trenches as he sees it:

"The religion of the trenches is not a religion which analyzes God with impertinent speculation. It isn't a religion which takes up much of His time. It's a religion which teaches men to carry on stoutly and to say, 'I've tried to do my bit as best as I know how. I guess God knows it. If I "go west" today, He'll remember that I played the game. So I guess He'll forget about my sins and take me to Himself.'

"That is the simple religion of the trenches as I have learnt it—a religion not without glory; to carry on as bravely as you know how, and to trust God without worrying Him."

One question that arises after reading Lieutenant Dawson's really remarkable book is whether or not a man who has written fiction has a keener insight, a broader imagination, than an ordinary writer, says a newspaper man. There is an almost indefinable style in Lieutenant Dawson's book that is not present in other narratives—perhaps it is his natural gift, perhaps it is because he is able, through experience, to twist a sentence so that the reader gets a more vivid picture. A fictional quality (in style) should be a great asset in writing a war book.

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The Flying Teuton, a Truly Great War Fiction

IT has been a rather popular pastime during these past few years for critics of American literature (amateur and otherwise) to deplore the fact that the American writers have given our literature no truly great stories of the war. The charge has been true and the reasons have been manifold, the chief one being that until the last year the war has only been a far distant happening. To write, one must feel, and our greatest writers, many of them busy with the various humanitarian organizations that came into being immediately after the violation of Belgium, have not until recently felt the true throb of the conflict.

Recently, however, since the first of the current year, we have had several notable stories of the war, and most striking among these is "The Flying Teuton,"* by Alice Brown. This story (it is the first of a collection of short stories from this most gifted author) tells of a happening immediately following the peace for which the whole world is waiting. It is really the old legend of "Flying Dutchman," adapted until it fits into modern day machinery, wireless, etc. The significance of the story is of great beauty and undeniable force, for Miss Brown shows that there is a greater power than man—a power that was to show that "Vengeance is mine" was indeed a truth.

To disclose the plot, "The Flying Teuton" in its entity would be wrong, but this much can be said—that it is a gripping story of rare charm—and one that will last as long as the English language is read—a story to take its place among the truly great short stories of all time.

Of the stories that comprise the rest of the collection, some of them rank above the others in merit, but all of them are worth reading. If a few more of our American short-story writers can give us work of this unquestioned merit, we will have indeed built up a standard not to be paralleled by the literature of any other nation.

* "The Flying Teuton," and Other Stories, by Alice Brown. Macmillan Co.

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Late Fiction from New Pens and Old

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, one of our most prolific novelists, has published a new story which is entitled "The Restless Sex."* It is light in theme, pleasant, not too dramatic, not over-exciting, but penned in his usual delightful style and containing his usual very interesting characters. Mr. Chambers is essentially a character artist. Into the most commonplace plot he can place men and women of all ages, and so interesting and contrasting does he make his types that the background is lifted to a high plane. The new book tells of the love of a young man for his foster sister, and for the majority of the story Mr. Chambers uses studio life as the scene of the narrative. "The Restless Sex" is not as important as some books that Mr. Chambers has written, but it is thoroughly entertaining, and if you are looking for a book to send to a lad in khaki, this will probably suit his fancy.

Of the half dozen other works that have come to my desk in the past few days, "Flood Tide,"† by Daniel Chase, deserves the first mention.

The reason for this is twofold, for the story serves to introduce a new novelist of merit and is a book of real charm. In his construction, Daniel Chase has followed the trend of the popular British novelists, and in a fairly leisurely, sketchy fashion he has drawn the life of a man from his early boyhood until the moment in approaching middle age he finds his real plane in life, and incidentally the woman he loves. The book is written in the first person, yet the author's imagination and gift for turning a phrase prevents the book from being marred by the personality of the writer—a fault often found in first-person narratives.

To describe the story at any length would be an impossibility, for these columns are limited. It goes into great detail and carries a conviction that Mr. Chase must have lived many of the boyhood episodes he pictures. Certainly,

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* "The Restless Sex," by Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

† "Flood Tide," by Daniel Chase. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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on a spring day when a warm wind comes stealing in through the window and a nodding branch is green with swelling buds, there comes a great temptation, after reading parts of Mr. Chase's story, to forget book reviews and steal out into the sunshine.

The author, by the way, is still in his twenties and is at present serving his country as a Lieutenant. With the world conflict as a background, he should be able to give us some unusual fiction, providing he can keep up to the standard he has established.

A group of other fiction, worthy of more notice than is here possible, includes a translation of Mikhail Y. Saltykov's "A Family of Noblemen,"* one of the recognized masterpieces of Russian fiction, depicting the nobility of that country and telling the story of the decay of one of the greater houses. "The Transactions of Lord Lewis"† is a rarely humorous volume, and Roland Pertwee, the author, has plenty of fun through the aid of two rogue antique dealers. Olive Wadsley, who has given us two powerful novels, contributes "The Flame"‡ to spring fiction—the story of a girl rescued from the London slums, with a large part of the story laid in Paris.

A "Movie" Chronicle

THE men who write the book jackets for the publishers certainly deserve mention for their work, for they oftttimes bring to their short résumé a real descriptive gift that is out of the ordinary. On the paper cover of Rob Wagner's "Film Folk,"§ for instance, some publicity man has written that the book is a "sort of Los Angeles Canterbury Tales," and that describes them perfectly. Mr. Wagner is connected with one of the bigger film corporations, and in his idle hours he has drafted these character sketches, told them as coming

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*"A Family of Noblemen," by Mikhail Y. Saltykov. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

†"The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis," by Roland Pertwee. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

‡"The Flame," by Olive Wadsley. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.

§"Film Folk," by Rob Wagner. The Century Co. $2.00.

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in the first person from such folks as The Film Favorite, The Movie Queen, The Camera Man, The Press Representative, and The "Supe." The total result is an entertaining book that should be extraordinarily popular, for the "movies" are without doubt the biggest form of present day entertainment, and there are none of us so absolutely lacking in curiosity but what we enjoy knowing why and how the wheels go round. "Film Folk" gives one a very complete picture not only of how the players work, but how they regard their work, what it means to them to "make a scene," how they become famous,—the thousand and one questions that are daily asked by those who wish to become members of the ever-growing motion picture world.

"Film Folk" will entertain many readers.

Volumes of New Verse

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, whose "Spoon River Anthology" introduced a new verse form, has issued a new collection of poems, "Towards the Gulf."* Mr. Masters is essentially a character analyst, capable of seeing people and things as they are, not as they appear to be. He writes not of the hazy visions that come into one's life, but of the commonplace people and events. And fortunately he is no sentimentalist, but rather a man capable of that talent most popularly known as "*punch.*" The new volume is largely made up of verses that have not appeared in the magazines, and equally as interesting as the verses themselves is Mr. Masters' foreword, in which he touches briefly on the origin of his style. There is a great temptation on the part of the reviewer to quote excerpts so as to contrast this style, and only the memory of the fact that "The Spoon River Anthology" was one of the most popular books of its day—and is still constantly quoted and paraphrased—acts as a check to the impulse. It is almost impossible to specially recommend any one set of verses as being more interesting than another. They are all delightful, all very much well worth while. I

* "Towards the Gulf," by Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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feel positive that "Towards the Gulf" will do much towards heightening the already enviable reputation that Mr. Masters already holds.

In turning from Mr. Masters' volume it is amusing to find his style so cleverly imitated in one of the poems in J. C. Squire's "Tricks of the Trade."* Some one has said that imitation is the sincerest flattery, and they might have added that to be able to imitate with as humorous results as Mr. Squire has obtained is rather a rare gift. The volume is divided in two, the first part being an imitation of the works of ten contemporary writers, most of them poets; the second half, captioned "How They Would Have Done," is even more humorous, for the author has chosen his authors and the subjects to be parodied with an eye for telling effects. "Tricks of the Trade" is a diverting and ofttimes brilliant little volume, and not least among the laughable results is the following, which ends the author's conception of how Gray would have written his Elegy in the Spoon River Cemetery:

"Enough, enough! But, stranger, ere we part,
Glancing farewell to each nefarious bier,
This warning I would beg you take to heart,
'There is an end to even the worst career.'"

Joyce Kilmer, who is himself a poet of charm, has done a very interesting piece of work in his collection of verses by Catholic poets, which he has called "Dreams and Images."* Some of the verse and many of the writers are well known; all of the poetry is worth while.

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* "Tricks of the Trade," by J. C. Squire. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
* "Dreams and Images," by Joyce Kilmer. Boni & Liveright.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS NOT INCLUDED IN THE ABOVE REVIEW

"Two Children in Old Paris," by Gertrude Slaughter. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"The Mystery of the Red Flame," by George Barton. The Page Co. $1.35 net.

"The Red Cross Barge," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

"Tell Me Another Story," by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Milton Bradley Co. $1.50.

"The House of Whispers," by William Jonston. Little, Brown & Co. $1.40 net.

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"The Pawns Count," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

"The Long Trick," by "Bartineus." George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

"Drink," by Vance Thompson. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

"A Temporary Gentleman." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

"Rowing and Fighting," by Major E. S. O'Reilly. The Century Co. $2.00 net.

"The Best People," by Anne Warwick. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

"Five Tales," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

"The Lucky Seven," by John Taintor Foote. D. Appleton & Co. $1.40 net.

"The Threshold," by Marjorie Benton Cooke. Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.40 net.

"The Flying Fighter," by Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

"The Dark People," by Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"Over Here," by Ethel M. Kelley. Bobbs Merrill Co. $1.50.

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